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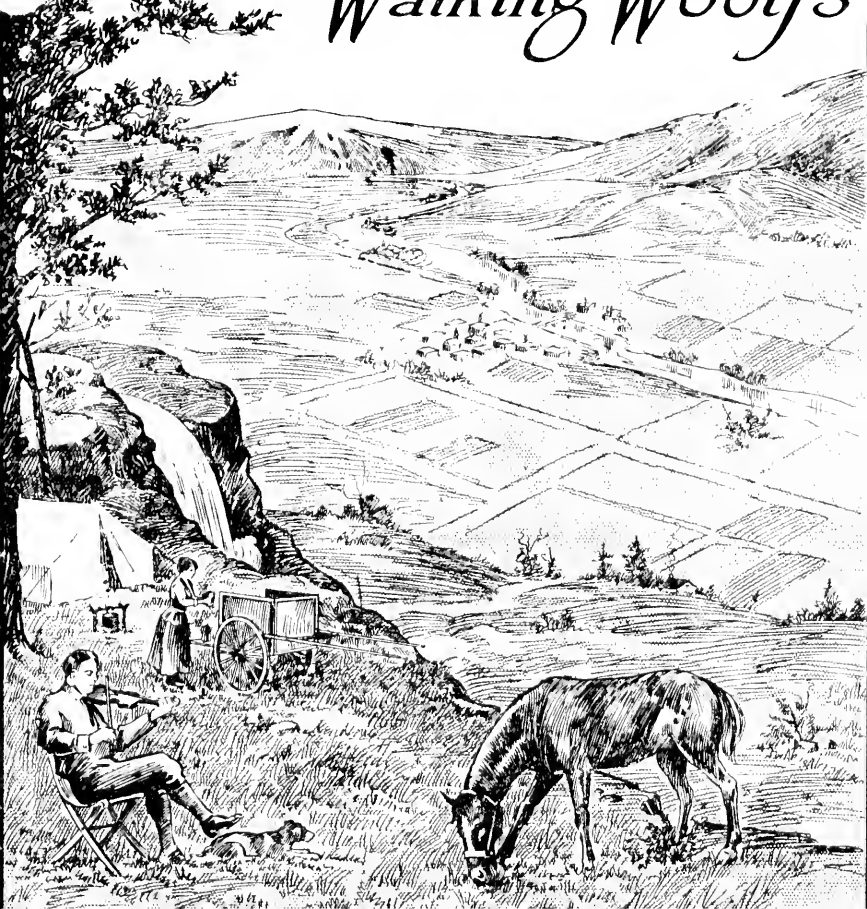
TRAMPING AND CAMPING

by the Walking Woolfs



"Walking Woolfs" starting on their first walk to the Ozark Mountains, showing Mr. Woolf in his poorest condition, weighing 107 pounds.

TRAMPING

AND

CAMPING.

—BY THE—

"WALKING WOOLFS."

PRICE 50 CENTS.

By Mail, 60 Cents

Address DWIGHT H. WOOLF,
929 Minnesota Avenue, Kansas City, Kansas.

S. I. MESERAULL & SON, PRINTERS, KANSAS CITY, KANSAS.

HINTS FOR HEALTH.

Health comes first.

Get up early.

Go to bed early.

Get plenty of fresh air

Drink plenty of water.

Exercise daily in the open air.

Never be in a hurry at meal time.

It is better not to eat enough than too much.

Two meals a day are enough for persons employed at office work.

Don't jeopardize your health to make money.

Wealthy men would give their riches for health.

Health is easy to lose and hard to gain.

There is a bright side to life if you look for it.

If you can't think of something pleasant to talk about, be a good listener.

Don't worry—get back to nature.

Don't sleep with a closed window.

Open the window at the top.

Best Remedies—Fresh Air, Sunshine, Exercise Water, Nature.

Remember—That the largest amount of your ailments come from the lack of exercise and fresh air.

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INTRODUCTION.

The unique experience of Mr. and Mrs. Dwight H. Woolf, the champion Long Distance Walkers, has awakened general interest throughout the United States.

In 1909, Mr. Woolf's doctor informed him that he would have to get out in the open and stay there, or he would die. He weighed only 107 pounds, including clothes, and was growing weaker daily. Yet he hesitated about giving up his business as a music publisher—his life work; and it seemed a little short of madness to forego all the luxuries—the so-called "comforts" —of civilization.

But Mrs. Woolf, who was a brave, sensible woman, thoroughly devoted to her husband's interests, agreed with the physician and suggested a walk to the Ozark Mountains.

That was the beginning of a most remarkable series of trips through Missouri, Kansas, Texas, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and up through the north Atlantic States to New York and Boston, then home to Kansas City—in the aggregate, a journey of about 10,300 miles.

Yet, wherever the couple went there was really but one destination—health.

Mr. Woolf gained strength and, not long after starting, was able to make twenty-five or thirty miles in a day. Clad in neat khaki uniforms, he

and his wife—now the leading woman pedestrian of the world—marched from city to city, accompanied by Dolly and Don, their faithful horse and dog.

The group was often surrounded by cheering crowds, or met by newspaper reporters and escorted with honor by delegations of police into the presence of mayors and other officials, who received the travelers cordially.

But the "Walking Woolfs" gained something far more valuable than honor or fame; and their advice to others who have suffered from the effects of sedentary work is:

"When you get into a rut walk out of it."

He who draws close to nature is rewarded in many ways, not the least of which is perfect health.

The object of this book is to preach the doctrine of exercise and fresh air.

THE PUBLISHER.

Tramping and Camping

IN THE

OZARKS.

BY STELLA WOOLF.

PREPARATIONS for a walk to the Ozarks were completed. It had been our intention to get up at two o'clock on the morning of departure, and start at three o'clock, but rain delayed us until four.

I fried some eggs and made some coffee, but we ate very little, our appetites being spoiled by interest and excitement.

At last the horse was packed and ready to go. About all that we could see of him were his ears and tail. He kept stepping around restlessly, and was inclined to be fractious. While he was prancing in the back yard, the load, which was top-heavy, fell to the ground, but he stood quietly until Dwight and his father unpacked.

Finding it necessary to reduce the amount of baggage, we left one of the cots, the two feather pillows and a number of cooking utensils, also a portion of the kodak supplies and some of the blankets and ammunition.

As we walked down Tenth Street, Don, our dog, posed as if ready to start, but seemed to be waiting for an invitation. When we called him,

he came tearing down the alley after us, wild with delight. Many times, during the trip, we were glad that we had taken the faithful creature with us, for he proved to be not only a protection, but a companion, as well.

The line of march led into Argentine and down along the Kaw River, where Dwight stopped and purchased a morning paper which contained an account of our plans. People on the street cars all along Tenth Street craned their necks to see out of the windows. Many of them hailed us.

The first real hill was a stony one and hard to climb. It appeared to go straight up in the air, and it was covered with rocks as big as a wagon. In Rosedale we got a drink at an old-fashioned well with a windlass and bucket. Going in a southeasterly direction the road was rough.

Dwight, for whose health we were making the journey, was becoming exhausted. The horse pulled back, but I got a stick and hit him to compel him to go. Then Dwight and I exchanged places, and he urged the horse forward.

Out on the Wornall Road the country is wonderfully improved with fine homes, golf links and everything that wealth can afford.

It was not long until Dwight was so tired that we had to camp. He seemed weak, and looked so ill that I feared that the exertion of walking and urging the horse along would be more than his constitution could stand.

We halted at a pretty place, where there was plenty of green grass and water—out on the Dodson car line, not far from Waldo. The pack animal was so glad to be relieved of his burden that he lay down and rolled.

Our experience in setting up tents was limited, and we got everything wrong at first. The

ridge pole would not stand up right, but the canvass was supported after a fashion, and gave us shelter although both ends were hoisted away from the ground. Dwight had to lie down and rest for a time. Then he got some sticks and started a little camp fire. I cooked the dinner, consisting of bacon, black coffee and bread, and we ate like a couple of famished "Wolves," which we were.

From the first meal, eaten in the open air, Dwight was a different man. He commenced to feel better immediately, and took new interest in the outing.

Motor cars by the dozen passed us all day, and many horses became frightened and shied off into fences at sight of our outfit.

It was only eleven o'clock when we camped, but we rested until the next morning. Our supper was a fine one, with fried eggs, coffee, bacon and bread. Dwight loaded his rifle and went up the car tracks to shoot at targets. He had on a blue jumper and looked like a "rube." Finally he stopped shooting to keep Don from running away, as the noise frightened the dog.

Passengers on the Dodson cars threw us the Kansas City papers, both morning and evening. That night, however, we experienced the first real hardships of camping. We turned in, both of us on the single cot, one with his head at the foot, and the other with head at the other end of the cot. We could not even turn over, unless both did so at once. It was exceedingly uncomfortable, and to make matters worse, a terrible electrical storm raged all night. The rain came down in sheets and coursed right through the tent under the cot. I got a spell of the giggles over the situation, and poor Don had no place to lie down. He went out of the tent, but the rain drove him back.

The ground within was one pool of water. Then he came to my end of the cot and tried to rake the cover down with one paw. He wanted to get in the cot, which was already pretty well occupied. Dwight tried to sleep, and I think he did a little, between the times that he was scolding me for giggling and shaking the cot.

Finally morning dawned, and we got up, stiff and sore from having spent the night in a cramped position. Dwight said that he felt first rate. Breakfast consisted of canned sardines and crackers.

Packing up, we walked through the little town of Waldo, reaching Martin City in the afternoon. A woman who saw us and supposed that we were gipsies, pulled her children into the house for fear that we might steal them. The whole town seemed to be full of curiosity about us.

Beyond the town, we soon struck the mud road, which was hard to travel, and we set up the tent at the first schoolhouse. It was still drizzling rain, but a great many people visited camp.

We managed to get a good breakfast the next morning, as our wood was dry. The farmers gave us vegetables and buttermilk. After dinner, we packed up again and continued the march. But it was so muddy that we simply ploughed along, and I often felt tempted to cry, I was so tired and my feet were like lead.

On the other side of Belton, we looked for a place to rest but there was mud and water everywhere. Just as I was becoming discouraged, a lady and gentleman called to us from their house, and invited us to camp on their farm. We spent the evening with them and had a most pleasant visit.

After supper Dwight dressed up like a countryman, putting on his blue jumpers, and rode into

town on Old Buck, the horse. Buck went slowly through the streets, and every few steps Dwight hit him with a stick. The loafers at the little store commenced to guy the "rube". When he had had enough fun with the crowd, Dwight sprang down from the horse and removing his jumpers showed his walking suit.

Sleeping on one cot was too uncomfortable, so Dwight took the train back to Kansas City and returned with what we had left behind.

Our next stopping place was on a deserted farm. The owner had given us permission to help ourselves to what vegetables there were in the garden and we found some lettuce and onions. We tried sleeping outside of the tent, but were obliged to give it up on account of the heavy dew. Our hosts offered a room in their house, but we thanked them and declined, since the fresh air was necessary to Dwight's recovery.

When I had washed our clothes and dried them on the branches of the trees, we continued the march, although we both hated to leave the beautiful spot where the tent was pitched.

The people with whom we came in contact proved to be pleasant and intelligent. We had no difficulty in purchasing supplies as we went along, and often, our visitors brought us nice, hot loaves of bread or delicacies of some kind. After we became accustomed to sleeping out of doors, our rest was almost unbroken.

At Harrisonville, a crowd of men and boys gathered around us as we went to the post-office. They asked all manner of questions. It was a very warm afternoon and we must have presented a spectacle. Don was so uncomfortable that his tongue lolled out. Our camp beyond Harrisonville

was in a fine location and we had good neighbors, as usual.

Our feet had not yet become hardened to walking, and it had been impossible for us to make very good time.

At Garden City, we camped again in a rain, but having gotten dry wood under the tent, we were enabled to cook a good meal. Buck's feet were very sore and his shoes had to be taken off. He was re-shod at Garden City, after which he seemed to be alright.

Not far from the town, an old man was very anxious to know why we walked instead of taking the train to our destination. Dwight explained that he was walking for his health. He asked the old gentleman if he had been healthy all his life. The man replied that he had. Dwight then said:

"Did you stay in the house and watch your crops grow, or did you get out in the field and make them grow?"

The man acknowledged that he had worked in the field Dwight said:

"I am trying to get health, not by taking life easy and waiting for health to come to me, but by getting out and living with nature, and helping nature to make me well."

At the next stop, we had a delightful place near a stream of water. By adding potatoes, onions and strawberries, which we bought of the farmers, to our commissary, we enjoyed a fine supper. A big rain, that night, soaked the tent and bedding. Early in the morning, our new neighbors came down with a lantern, and invited us to breakfast. We dressed hurriedly in our damp clothes and waded through the wet grass to

the house glad to accept the kind hospitality of the people who had been so thoughtful.

On the outside, the building was not prepossessing. It was old and weatherbeaten—a frame house that had probably contained two rooms at first, but had been added to until it was now quite good-sized. Inside, it was just as homelike as possible, with neat rag carpets on the floors and cheerful wall coverings. Our breakfast consisted of oatmeal with thick cream; a big bowl of fresh strawberries, home-grown, good country ham, hot biscuits and coffee. It was a feast to us. This was the second time that we had eaten in a house in nine days. After the meal was over, Dwight picked some cherries for the lady of the house and she made cherry pies for us.

Early the next morning, we continued our journey. The road was stony, and the horse almost fell down. About ten o'clock, we camped near Creighton and got breakfast. Creighton is a quaint, pretty little town. The houses looked neat and clean. Some of the people thought we were gipsies.

Out near Hartwell School House we met an old man who was inclined to be very confidential. He informed us that he had been a widower twice, and that he wanted to try matrimony again. He gave us an account of his domestic affairs and insisted that he could make a woman a good husband; that he had two hundred acres of land and money in the bank. He said, however, that he did not want to marry some young girl who was after his money, and who would run away with someone else when she had gotten all her husband owned. Dwight promised to do what he could to find a suitable wife for the man, when we got back to the city.

The following morning we walked six and one-half miles before breakfast, but had to stop on account of the lameness of the horse. After we had gone two miles farther, it commenced to rain and we pitched our tent.

At Clinton we camped near an artesian well of sulphur water. Dwight went into town and while I was watching the outfit, a large man came toward me. He had a rather kindly face, but being alone, I felt nervous. He advanced slowly and cautiously, and I stepped back into the tent and loaded the pistol, all the time keeping my eye on the stranger. He sidled up, trying to engage me in conversation, and I was just on the point of telling him to go away if he wanted to be safe, when he drew back the lapel of his coat and showed a star. He was a policeman. After that, I was not afraid. As soon as he was satisfied in regard to whom we were and why we were there, he invited us to go down to his house, as it was threatening rain. But before Dwight returned, another voice called to me. Its owner was a nice old gentleman, who said:

"Daughter, come on up to my house. I've come down after you. It looks like it is going to rain."

It developed that his daughter-in-law, whom we had met, sent him to ask us to her house. We accepted the kind invitation.

Leaving Clinton at 3:30 in the afternoon, we went to Brownington. A couple of young men whom we saw told us that there was a man in town who would sell a burro, or trade it for a horse, but after a fruitless search for the party, we decided to keep our faithful Buck, and walked on to Osceola and Vista. While in camp at the latter place, we were preparing to retire for the

night, when four men came up the hill toward us. Don growled, and I was a little afraid, but they seemed perfectly friendly, saying that they had called out of curiosity. We received many attentions at the hands of the people in the vicinity.

Near Collins, we found ourselves in the hill country, where there is plenty of sand, rocks and black jacks.

A farmer who lived at no great distance from Humansville was very philosophical. He was fully satisfied with life, saying that he owned good land, and that all he had to do was to put the seed in the ground and it would do the rest; that he had pure milk and water to drink and clean sweet air to breathe; that he enjoyed his night's sleep, and that no man could ask for anything more. He was undoubtedly the most contented man I had ever seen.

That night the cows were entirely too friendly, and kept sniffing around our tent. Don was afraid and wanted to crawl up into the cots, every time a cow came near the tent.

The next morning we walked from five until ten, and then on account of rain, pitched our tent. By this time we had become adepts at setting up the tent, and it was done quickly, but none too soon, for the storm came very suddenly. Dwight cooked dinner inside and the smoke almost ran us out.

When the rain stopped we continued the hike until about five-thirty o'clock, then found a delightful spot near a clear stream. I washed our clothes and hung them on the trees to dry. After supper it began to rain in earnest, and the creek commenced to rise. Soon it reached the ground where the tent was located. We grabbed our clothes from the trees, stuffed things into the

pack-boxes, pulled down the tent, and got Old Buck. By the time he was ready to move, the water was up to our waists. As we waded out and climbed a slippery hill in the dark, my shoes came off at the heel whenever I took a step. But we did not allow ourselves to become frightened nor discouraged, and as this was a real adventure, we liked it. However, the next place that we selected for the tent was close by the farmer's house. The entire family was very kind and accommodating.

On the following day, our walk occupied from ten thirty to five o'clock, when we were again most fortunate in securing a good site for the camp, in the front yard of some friendly people.

After taking breakfast with the family on whose land we had put up for the night, we walked to Bolivar, where everyone seemed to have a great deal of curiosity in regard to our project. On the other side of the town, Dwight went to a farm-house to buy some provisions, and the lady gave him buttermilk, bread, corn bread and rhubarb, and when he asked the price, she said: "Is a nickel too much?" She refused to take anything for some butter.

At one house, where Dwight was asked to play the violin, the folks furnished him with an instrument that could not have cost over a couple of dollars when it was new. He played as best he could under the circumstances, but saw that the music was not appreciated. Finally, it dawned upon him that they had been accustomed to such music as the Arkansas Traveler and like selections. He asked what they would prefer. One fellow said that he wanted to hear some of the good old tunes—"Turkey in the Straw," or something of that kind.

Another rain detained us near Brighton. We were just entering the Ozark Mountains, and the roads were getting pretty rough, but the scenery was beautiful. A portion of our route lay over a ridge road, perfectly graded, naturally, but it looked artificial. There were great trees on both sides, and we could look down hundreds of feet into the valleys below. It was an ideal place for one who was inclined to be romantic, or for one of poetic temperament. At the end of the ridge was a clearing.

We had been talking all day about our wish to trade off Old Buck for a burro, or for some animal that would answer our purpose better than he did. A couple of men came out to the road and asked us if we wished to trade the horse for a mule. We exchanged glances, and Dwight said:

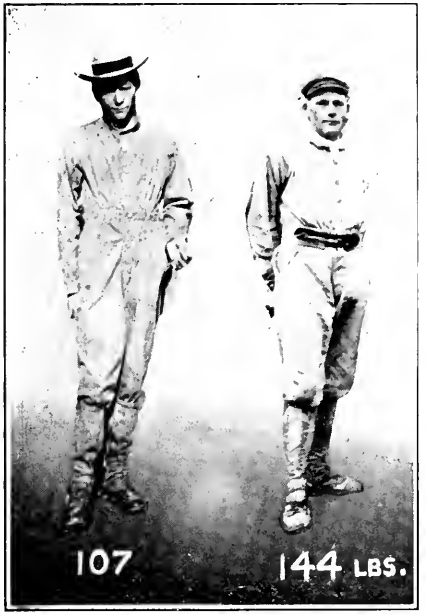
"Yes, if you have a mule that you want to trade, we will look at him."

The man who owned the mule accompanied Dwight to the pasture, while I stayed at the house and talked to the other man and a little girl. Finally, the others came back leading a mule. We took the pack off from Old Buck and put it on the mule, then Dwight led it around the yard, then I led the animal to test its gentleness. It seemed to carry the pack all right, although it was not very graceful about it.

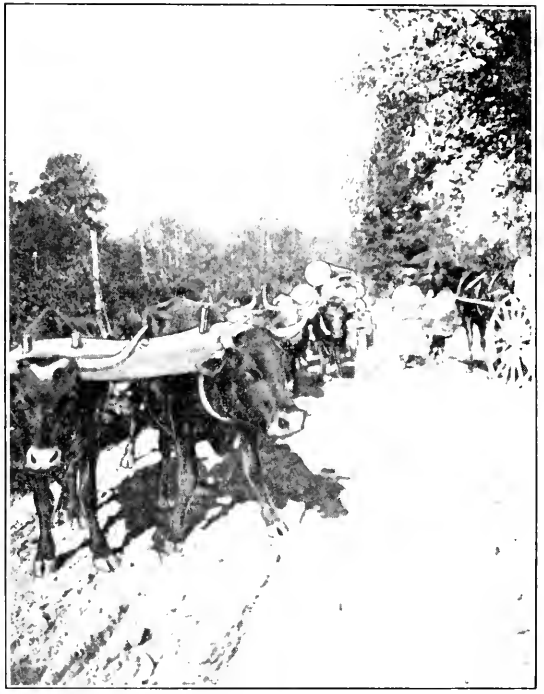
We talked the matter over, and decided the trade was a good one, as we believed the mule was sure-footed, and that he would be able to get over the mountains more easily than Buck could have done. Telling the owner that we would trade even, we left Buck behind and started down the road with the mule, both of us elated by the bargain. After going a few rods, we noticed that he had a slip-shod, rocking carriage, something

like that of a camel. He stepped with a sort of forward, rocking movement, that shook pieces of luggage from the pack, and we commenced to pick up various articles, as we walked along behind the animal. Dwight stopped at a farm-house to buy some eggs, while I stayed in the yard to watch the outfit. Hearing a noise, I looked around, and saw the mule on the ground with the pack on his back. I called to Dwight to hurry, and he came running out of the house. We took the pack off, and made the mule get up. Don was so excited that he ran up to it and grabbed one of its hind legs between his paws and hugged it. Notwithstanding the calamity, we had to laugh at the absurdity of the situation.

We finally got ready again, and started down the road, forgetting, in the confusion, our raw-hide whip. After going a short distance, the mule lay down again. This time we were certain that our trade had been a bad one. Although it was early in the afternoon, we concluded to camp for the night. Dwight went into a house to ask permission to set up the tent in a yard, and I walked the mule around in a circle to keep him from lying down. After he was relieved of his load, we tied him out with a rope. When supper was over, we retired early, being tired and thoroughly disgusted. But we had no more than gotten to sleep than a loud noise—a thud, as of something falling—aroused us. This was followed by a distinct groaning. I called Dwight to get up, but he answered that he would not; that it was that blasted mule again, fallen down and choking himself in the rope. I dressed as quickly as possible and went outside the tent to where the mule was lying, and saw that the rope was wrapped all around his head and neck and wound around



This photo shows the vast Difference Out Door Life and Exercise has made in Mr. Woolf's Appearance.



"Walking Woolfs" passing through the logging section of Mississippi.

one of his hind feet. Don was barking like a wild dog. Hurrying to the farmer's house, I awakened the man and told him what had happened, asking if he would help us. He secured a lantern and went with me to where the mule was, almost choked to death. We saved the animal by cutting the rope. He jumped up like a shot out of a cannon, and we sprang aside to get out of the way. The farmer then put the mule in his pasture and there was no more trouble that night.

The next morning, bright and early, I went down to the pasture and got the mule. I told Dwight that I was going to take the creature back to the man from whom we had obtained it. My husband said that he would not ask the farmer to trade back if the mule died on our hands. Keeping my face straight, I walked the old mule down the road until I came to the place, where I saw Old Buck out in the yard. My heart leaped for joy to see our horse. I was afraid that I could not get him back, but when I explained how the mule had behaved, his former owner seemed surprised. His wife, however, informed me that the animal had lain down in the road when she had been riding him. The man said that he would trade back if we would pay him a dollar to boot.

I led Buck to our camp, followed by the farmer's little boy riding the mule. Long before we arrived I could see that Dwight was looking at us with a smile on his face. He was glad enough to pay the extra dollar, and we rejoiced over the transaction. That was our first and last experience with the far-famed Missouri mule.

Breakfast was eaten with a relish that morning, and we then continued the walk toward Springfield. We camped on the south side of the town, just outside of the city limits. The people

were extremely pleasant. Many of them had read of our excursion, and we were the recipients of much attention.

The following morning, as we were walking along the road, a man driving a skittish horse passed us. We led Buck as far out of the way as possible and advised the man to get out of the buggy and lead his horse, but he would not pay any attention to our advice, and whipped up. The horse lunged sidewise and turned the buggy over, and started to run away, dragging the driver. He finally got loose, but the horse continued to run until it came against a telegraph pole, and the buggy was demolished. By this time a great crowd had collected. An old, gray-headed woman commenced to abuse Dwight. We paid no attention, as we did not wish to have trouble, although the accident was not our fault, for if the man had gotten out and led his horse it would have gone along quietly.

We crossed the river near the Riverdale mill, but instead of going over a bridge, we took off our shoes and stockings, slung them over our shoulders and waded to the other shore. Old Buck got across all right and marched right on down the road until he was out of sight. I followed slowly, for the stones in the river bed hurt my feet, and I stopped in the middle of the crossing and cried. Dwight started to wade out to help me, and Don got excited and jumped around on the bank and barked like a crazy dog. Dwight said that I was a tenderfoot, and could not stand anything.

After a while we caught up with Old Buck and camped and had dinner by a spring near the roadside. We tried to buy some butter at a farm-house, but the people would not sell us

any. Then we got some biscuits, which were hard and soggy, but anything goes, when one is ravenously hungry.

The country did not seem to be so prosperous as Central and Northern Missouri. Sometimes we walked for miles without seeing a house. There are many log houses with about two rooms, and most of the barns are of logs with thatched roofs. Chickens and pigs run loose in the yards.

It seemed to us that if a more energetic class of people would go down into the Ozark region aad take up farms, it would be an ideal place to live.

Spokane is a little town with a post-office and two or three buildings. We camped for dinner in the woods, in a desolate looking spot. I went to a new house, supposing that there would be a well there. A big red dog jumped on Don and commenced to fight him. I tried to separate them, and Dwight, hearing the commotion, rushed out and threw a stone at the strange dog. He had bitten Don badly under one of his front legs. An old, snaggled-toothed woman came to the door. She was chewing tobacco, and looked at me rather curiously. When I asked if I could get a pail of water, she directed me to a well down a very steep ravine.

Slipping and sliding, I got down to the place, but there was great difficulty and danger of falling into the well. The water had to be drawn up overhand—no easy task.

One funny thing is that every time we asked how far it was to Branson, we received a different reply. It would seem that the closer we got to the town, the farther we were away. No one in this part of the country appeared to have any idea of distance.

We stopped for a drink at a house where there were two women, a young woman and an elderly one. Dwight asked them how far it was to Branson, and the young woman said:

"It's thirty miles from my house to Branson."

The old woman said:

"Yes, it's thirty miles from her house to Branson, cause I'll tell you how I know—I live just a half mile from this lady, and there is a traveling man that stops at my house every time he goes to Branson, and I've heerd him say many a time that it was fifteen miles from my house to Branson."

We camped the next time at the only nice looking farm-house that we had seen on the Wilderness Road. The day's walk had almost worn us out, but we got a good supper with stewed blackberries, boiled potatoes and other things.

In the morning, we turned off from the Wilderness Road into the worst kind of a trail imaginable. It was enough to upset any wagon. There seemed to be nothing but rocks and ruts. Old Buck had a hard time. He put one foot down, balanced himself, then took another step and in that manner succeeded in making some progress.

There was a most beautiful bit of scenery that we viewed from the top of a mountain, and we took a snap shot of it.

Food is high-priced in this locality. The fact is probably due to the unsettled condition of the country.

The bad roads proved too much for Old Buck, and he lay down for the first time with his pack on. But we allowed him a long period of rest at the stopping place, and fed him well.

The road to Branson was part of the time distinguishable and part of the time in the bed of a

creek where it could not be seen. To make matters worse, the rain commenced to pour down, but we kept right on walking. At a fork, we took the wrong route, which led us out among the hills. Finally we hit the main thoroughfare to the town. Within a mile of the place, we asked a man how far it was to Branson, and he replied that it was about two miles and a half.

In camp at the edge of the village, we were annoyed by hogs running at large. A big one grabbed a sack out of our provision box and ran away. Dwight chased her all around that part of town, throwing stones at her, and she finally dropped the sack, which contained our supply of pepper. After that, one of us had to stay near the tent all of the time to keep hogs and cows away. Dwight hurried into town to present a letter of introduction from a friend in Kansas City. The gentleman to whom the letter was written promised to find us a camping spot on the White River the next day.

Branson being our destination, the long tramp was now at an end, and we began to look forward to a month's pleasant camping and fishing.

That night an army of pigs, little and big, grunted and sniffed around our tent. Don was so afraid of them that he wanted to climb up into the cots. One day, while going through the mountains, Don was chased by a wild razor-backed pig, and after that, throughout the journey, the dog was afraid of all hogs, and we could not get him to chase them away. The only thing he did was to stand at a safe distance and bark himself hoarse.

Having secured a camping ground on the banks of the White River, and near to town, we made ourselves as comfortable as possible, but

both of us were dissatisfied. The spot on which our tent was placed was a little knoll close by the railroad tracks, and just a few rods from a small, two-roomed house in which lived a very kind family. The old log house had a history, having been built over a hundred years ago. Buck was allowed to roam over the town at will with the other live stock. Our new neighbors persuaded us to remain when we thought of moving, saying that they would do what they could for us. They loaned us a monkey stove with which to cook, and they also brought down a table and some chairs.

On the Fourth of July we accompanied our friends to a picnic at Hollister, Missouri. It was an old-fashioned celebration. We walked across the White River bridge to the grounds. A great audience had assembled. Everyone was enjoying the festivities. There was a merry-go-round pushed by a mule, and when the mule got so dizzy that he almost fell down, he was replaced by an ancient, raw-boned horse, until he, too, was forced to retire.

We had gone to the picnic to see the sights, but soon found that we attracted more attention than anything else. We stood and watched the free-for-all dance that was in progress on a small twelve by fourteen feet platform. There was an old organ and two fiddles, and the musicians were playing hoe-downs in true back-woods style. The dancers, with coats off, perspired abundantly. The girls had ribbons around their necks and waists, and were the picture of hilarity and good nature. There was plenty of pop-corn, peanuts, and all the accessories of a typical, rural Fourth of July picnic. At last, tired of being considered a curiosity, we returned to camp and spent the rest of the day

throwing stones into the White River for Don to jump in and get.

The days that followed were very pleasant. We bathed and swam in the river and visited some people with whom we had become acquainted. When we were in the water, Don had to be watched to prevent him from jumping in after us and scratching our backs. He evidently thought that he was keeping us from drowning. One afternoon, while swimming, I saw a large snake in the water close to me. It frightened me so that I started to run out, but the current was so swift, it knocked my feet out from under me, and Dwight, who was about forty pounds lighter than I was, tried to pick me up bodily and carry me to the shore. When Don observed what he thought was a little fuss, he jumped into the water and tried to separate us.

Staying in one place became monotonous after a while, and we decided to get a boat and embark on what is considered a dangerous trip. The people who take these floats down the river, usually hire a guide, but as we were fond of doing things that no one else would attempt, we ventured alone. I questioned one of the guides in regard to handling a boat. He said that many people had been drowned in the river while on these trips, but that if we thought that we were capable of managing a boat, he would be glad to show us all that he knew.

We bought a flat-bottomed boat for two dollars, and after the guide had shown Dwight how to use the paddle, we got our belongings together and started. It was a new life for Don. He seemed to understand that he must not jump out, although we knew that he longed to do so.

When we had floated about fifteen miles, we

heard a rumbling sound—a roaring in the water—and we thought that it must be caused by the rapids which the boat was fast approaching.

Dwight stood up and looked down the river. He could see the water splashing against the rocks on one side of the bank. In the middle of the river was a willow bar. Where the water divided, one side was rough and the other side was smooth. We tried to steer into calm water, but there was a current that was pulling us directly toward the willow bar. If we had run against the bar, we should have been drowned as the boat would have upset. To avoid this, we were obliged to go into dangerous water. I shall never forget how the rapids looked as we steadily advanced toward them. The current was so swift that it moved the stones in the bottom of the river. It tossed the little boat around. At one time it seemed that we should be unable to get away from the rock bank, but, making a supreme effort, we finally found ourselves in smooth water.

We floated on down the river, fishing, and soon caught enough for supper. Don took great delight, watching us. Every time Dwight threw the line out, the dog jumped at it. He looked comical when we reeled in our first big fish, which was tied to the boat to make sure that we should have at least one good fish supper while on the trip. There is much pleasure reeling where one can see the fish swimming. We tried several times to land, and found, at last, that it was necessary to pick out a spot about a quarter of a mile ahead, or the current would take us beyond the point.

There was a gravel bar at some distance from us, where we decided to pass the night, provided we should be able to make a landing. We rowed to the bank, and the current caught the back

of the boat and started us down the stream. We were floating away from the landing-place. It was necessary to make a landing quickly unless we wished to be carried on beyond the bar. We got the boat straightened around and looked for another camping spot. There was no such thing as going back. Soon we saw another desirable place. This time we were more careful. As soon as we got to the bank, I sprang out and held the boat so that it could not get away, then Don jumped out—he is never far behind—and Dwight tied the boat.

There was no ground in which to drive the pegs to hold the tent. There was nothing but a gravel bar. However, we finally succeeded in getting the tent up, by using longer stakes. There were no farm houses, and no one was within hearing distance. Plenty of drift-wood was lying around, so we had a big campfire.

Neither of us had ever killed a fish, and we drew straws to see which one would perform the operation. Dwight always wins, whenever he bets on anything against me, so it fell to me to kill the fish. When I knew that it was up to me, I thought I should prefer to throw the fish back in the river, rather than kill it, so Dwight acted as executioner, and I prepared for the fry. It was not long until our meal was ready, and it certainly was very savory.

When supper was over, we went down and set some trout lines to catch fish for breakfast. Then, before retiring, we built a great fire to keep away the wild animals, as we had been informed that the mountains were infested with panthers.

Bright and early in the morning, Dwight looked at the lines and found a big bass and a small catfish. In the meantime, I had started the breakfast. Dwight detected the odor of the good coffee

before he reached the camp, and we were both so hungry that we could hardly wait until the fish was ready to cook.

It was not long until we were again floating down the river. There had been a light rain the night before, and the water had risen. The sun was shining brightly. The scenery was constantly changing. Sometimes there was a mountain on one side and a valley on the other; then matters were reversed. We noticed that water was running out between two large rocks on the side of a mountain, and thinking that it might be one of the springs of which we had been told, we endeavored to land, but failed to do so, and were carried on.

There were no bridges, and every once in a while we saw people ferrying across the river. We tried to make a landing near a ferry, but the folks called out not to come close, that there was danger from the current, and we should be drawn underneath. It was one of the times that Dwight had to use his head, and he managed to turn the boat and get away without accident.

It was growing dark, and we landed, without difficulty. It was too late to look for a better camping spot, so we pitched the tent on wet ground, where there were many trees. We had trouble fixing the cots so that we should not roll off in the night.

After a breakfast of bacon, eggs and coffee, we started, early the next morning, toward a town named Forsyth. Our supply of provisions was running low. The last of the bread had been eaten. However, the banks of the river were so thickly lined with trees that we passed the town. We landed where we saw a path leading up through the woods.

I guarded the boat while Dwight set out to find something to eat. He walked several miles, then at last, up the side of a mountain he found a little log hut. He talked to a man whom he saw, but received no answer. At last, the man took a piece of paper out of his pocket and wrote upon it that he was deaf and dumb, but that he would get his father to come.

The old man appeared, but it developed that they did not eat yeast bread, and all they had to offer was cold biscuit.

After another long walk, Dwight arrived at a house where a nice young girl came to the door and asked what was wanted. She sold him food, and we loaded the boat and went on our way rejoicing. As we pushed from the shore, a man came along, and informed us that the dangerous Elbow Shoals were not far away. He directed us to go to the left. We passed over some shoals successfully that day, but had no means of determining whether they were the ones referred to. Soon there was a terrible rumbling, fully half a mile distant. Dwight stood up in the rear of the boat to see what course to pursue. We seemed to be at the mercy of the current, which was pulling us straight into the Elbow Shoals. There was no mistaking them this time. The rapids were fearful. They rocked the boat from one side to the other, while Dwight used all his strength to keep a direct course. To lose control at that point would mean that we should be dumped into the river. At last, we managed to get out.

It was late in the afternoon, and we camped within hearing of the rapids. Getting several sacks we manufactured a seine and caught some minnows with which to bait our trout lines. Our

nerves had been so shaken that we had very little appetite.

Don had disappeared. We built a fire, and were debating in regard to supper, when the dog came up with a rabbit in his mouth. His eyes beamed with delight. I persuaded him to let me have the animal, and when it was cooked, Don was given a liberal share of the game.

We had been without fish for several days, so while the boat floated along the next morning, Dwight reeled out his line. I noticed a ferry boat with a lot of people—more than we had seen in that country before—on board. A man inquired where we were from. Dwight replied: "From Kansas City." The stranger then asked if we knew that it was against the law to fish in the White River. Although he received a negative answer, he instructed us to land over on the other shore, as we were under arrest.

In the effort to land, we got hung on some rocks in the center of the river, and the one who had ordered us to go ashore, a justice of the peace and a lawyer, entered a boat and came out to where we were. The boat almost capsized, but they succeeded in reaching us. One of the men kept flashing a big revolver. It seemed as if he wanted everyone to know that he had the right to carry a gun—that he was the sheriff of that county. It certainly looked as if he were rushing things, to arrest us, then bring out a justice of the peace and a lawyer to conduct the trial. We had our trial, were found guilty, and fined fifty dollars, for fishing on White River.

The lawyer who came out, tried very hard to induce us to fight the case, but as we knew that it must be a graft from start to finish, we

did not wish to employ a legal adviser, especially one who was in league with the opposite party.

When the fine had been imposed, Dwight told them that he was in love with Arkansas, and that he would not object to spending a month in jail there, which of course, he would be compelled to do on account of not having any money.

After they saw that they could not work us for any money, they wrote out a receipt in full for fifty dollars, and said that if anyone else bothered us, we should be allowed to go, upon showing the receipt. We learned afterward that these people held up everyone who came down the White River.

It was several hours hard work to get the boat loosened from the rock. In about an hour a soul-racking noise could be heard. It was another shoal. Dwight was determined that he would go over it properly, and steered as carefully as possible. In a minute we were right in the midst of the rapids, which covered the entire river for about a quarter of a mile. They had been named the Tumbling Shoals, and whoever christened them certainly knew what he was describing, for they did nothing but tumble. Dwight guided the boat through without accident. We began to think that we were expert in the use of the paddle.

We had supper at six o'clock in one of the finest locations for a camp that we had yet seen. Dwight took a picture of two men on a large raft, which was floating down the river.

We had now gone two hundred miles, but one of the most dangerous rapids was to come. We could not exactly remember what had been told us in regard to it—whether it was in Missouri or Arkansas. The river, in its windings, flows from

one state to the other several times in two hundred and fifty miles.

Finally we came to the McGar Shoals. The rumbling and roaring were terrific. It was difficult to decide which way to go, for the entire surface of the water looked bad. For the first time during the trip, I was really frightened. We steered the boat straight into a hole that seemed big enough to swallow us. I screamed, as a great wave hit me in the face and went over Don, the whole length of the boat, to Dwight, dashing against him and filling the boat half full of water. After that, I was too busy dipping water to notice much more about the shoals. It was a relief to both of us when, at last, we had passed through the worst of them.

Again and again, we tried to effect a landing, but failed. At one place there were a lot of people on the bank watching us. We suppose that there must have been a town in the vicinity. When it grew dark, we almost gave up, thinking that we should have to float all night. All at once, as we were drifting along, the water seemed to go out of sight. Of course, I knew that it was impossible for the river to stop; it had to go somewhere, but as far as we could see, it ended.

A quarter of a mile farther on, Dwight found himself suddenly battling with the wildest rapids that we had yet encountered. A large tree had fallen over into the water, and the current was taking us directly into this tree. A man on the bank saw our danger, and called to us:

"Paddle to the right! Paddle to the right!"

This we did with all the energy we possessed. I tried to help with a little paddle, but not understanding how to work it, I took the wrong side, and if there had been any strength in my paddling,

I should have thrown the boat straight into the tree. As it was, Dwight's paddle was so much heavier than mine that he got the boat out of danger.

We spent a very restless night on a gravel bar near the shoals. In the middle of the night, we were awakened by a noise that sounded like a woman's scream. Believing that it was the dreaded panthers of which we had heard so much, we arose and built a big fire. The moon was shining brightly, and there was no trouble in locating a great pile of drift-wood. Sitting near the immense blaze, that reached high toward the sky, we again heard the fearful cry. It made the cold shivers creep down our spines, but we braved it out. I felt more safe when, in the morning, breakfast was eaten and the boat launched.

It was the last day of our floating trip. The shoals were nothing to compare with those already passed. Dinner was cooked on a little island in the middle of the river.

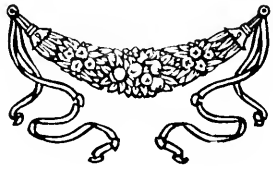
Late in the afternoon, when we had almost given up reaching Cotter, Arkansas, that night, some smoke stacks loomed up ahead, presumably our destination. Then a voice behind us called:

"Better get that old scow out of our way, or we'll run over it!"

Turning around we were delighted to see the smiling faces of Mr. Callison, the guide, and his tourists. He invited us to camp with him and his party that night. Willing hands helped us ashore. The evening was spent around an immense campfire on the beach. The night air was so cool that we had to wrap ourselves in bed-quilts, although it was only the latter part of July. Our friends gave us credit for having nerve,

as we had made a dangerous trip alone—a hard thing for inexperienced people to do. The guide remarked that I could not have valued my life very highly, or I should not have started out as I did. They could not know what confidence I had in my cool-headed husband. Although he was entirely without practice as a boatman, it required only the real necessity for nerve and prompt action to teach him how to manage a boat.

Our vacation trip was over, and after spending a few pleasant days at Cotter and in the vicinity of the town, where we made many friends, we took the train back to Kansas City.



"Walking Woolfs" starting from Kansas City to New York, May 2, 1910.
The cart is new in this picture.

Tramping and Camping

FROM

Kansas City to New York.

BY STELLA WOOLF.

ON Monday morning, May 2nd, 1910, we began our two thousand mile walk to New York. A journey on foot from the central part of the United States to the Atlantic Coast is a very different thing, in many respects, from a trip to the Ozarks—which constituted our last venture. But Dwight's health had shown such marked improvement from the exercise, fresh air and wholesome country food, that we determined to live in the open as much as possible, until there would be no danger of relapse.

Heretofore we had carried our camping outfit on a pack horse, but this time we invested in a horse and cart, which enabled us to lay in a larger amount of the necessities of life than we had done on former occasions. The cart consisted of a box built on two wheels, and bore the inscription, "Walking from Kansas City to New York." In the front portion of the box were two compartments; one for kodak supplies, and the other for clothes. In the back were four compartments, in one of which we placed our folding cots, stools

and shoes, using the opposite lower space for cooking utensils. The two upper compartments contained provisions.

On the trip to the Ozarks we were obliged to set our dishes upon the ground, so this year we decided to manufacture a table. Dwight made a flap to the back end of the cart, hung on hinges, and put swinging legs on it. When ready to eat our meals we could let this down, and it formed a perfectly level and a very convenient table.

We needed a stove and had no room to carry one, so we had a substitute built to order by a plumber. It was composed of a framework of gas pipe, and was about one foot by two feet in size. The folding legs could be doubled under. We robbed our Home Comfort range of the upper grate belonging to the oven, and considered ourselves well fixed for a stove that was easy to carry. All that we had to do was to build a camp fire under the frame, set the grate over it, and put on the food to cook, and the results were as good as if prepared over the finest stove in the world. We could cook a meal fit for a king, and sit right down to a table just as if we were at home, except that everything tasted a hundred per cent better than if it had been eaten at home. Out of door living gave us hearty appetites, and no matter what we ate, it seemed delicious. And at almost every camping spot, nature's dining hall was far more attractive than the most beautiful room in any hotel or private residence.

All of our camping outfit—the tent poles, kodak apparatus, stove, cots, stools—fold up.

It had been our intention to start very early in the morning, but a heavy rain the night before delayed us several hours, and we did not set out until about eight o'clock, walking down Min-

nesota Avenue, crossing the Inter-city Viaduct and going down Sixth Street, where some ingenuity was required in order to dodge the heavy transfer wagons and other cumbersome vehicles. At this point it was evident that the wheels of our cart would not be strong enough to stand the wear and tear of travel, therefore we exchanged them, at the next blacksmith shop, for a heavier pair.

During the process a crowd, curious and anxious to know about the proposed walk, gathered around us. At one o'clock we continued the march, but neither of us was used to our new horse "Dolly," which we had bought expressly for this journey. Dolly had a mind of her own, and taking it into her head to go outside of the road to help herself to some grass, she lodged the cart in a bad mud-hole and no amount of persuasion would induce her to budge when we tried to lead her out. It was impossible to push the wheels, and everything, including our clothing, became spattered with mud, but Dolly still held her own.

Just then an old farmer came along and asked what the matter was. He said:

"I guess you don't understand horses very well," and taking hold of her bridle led her back to the road without a particle of trouble. This experience afforded us a great deal of fun, gibing each other about not knowing how to lead a horse out of a mud hole.

When people get close to nature—it matters not whether the sky above them is blue or gray—their spirits rise and the smallest circumstances furnish material for lively interchange of thought.

At four o'clock we reached Independence, Missouri. The newspapers had said so much about our starting on foot for New York that inter-

ested throngs pressed around us on the streets and asked all manner of questions.

Three miles beyond Independence we camped near a farm-house. The weather had turned colder, and a drizzling rain had set in. After cooking supper, we retired early, somewhat exhausted, owing to the fact that we were not yet hardened to long tramps.

The next morning was cold and rainy, and although four o'clock was supposed to be schedule time for beginning the march, we waited until six o'clock. Our plan was to walk until eleven, then stop and get breakfast, but we found it better, after a thorough trial, to take the time to prepare breakfast before starting.

On this particular morning, however, we did eight miles, then camped in a pleasant place and cooked the morning meal. As we passed along the road, a man, woman and young girl came down to their gate and spoke to us, inquiring about our trip. It seems that they had read in the papers about us, but they had not thought of our taking the direction of the thoroughfare in front of their home. They gave us permission to camp on their land, and we bought fresh eggs for breakfast, and some corn for Dolly.

My feet had become very sore, after walking only a day and a half, so I rested for a couple of hours, while Dwight painted the new wheels. We sat in the sunshine, talked over plans for the trip, and visited with the kindly farmers who passed by. Our new friends sent us a plate of corn bread and a pitcher of freshly churned buttermilk, which we accepted and devoured.

Buckner was the next village on the way to the crossing on the Missouri River at Lexington. We bought some provisions and camped for the night

by the roadside a short distance outside of the town. After supper, we chained Dolly to the cart that she might not be borrowed in the night.

The journey was continued early the following morning, and walking through the town of Levasy we came to Napolean, a small place where the people stared at us. Some even ventured to ask if we were a traveling show.

A cold wind was blowing, and we went on to a little grove near a fine spring, and had breakfast. While sitting at our table, we noticed coming down the road an old man, bent and feeble. He was carrying a budget slung on a stick across his back. He stopped and called to us. Not being able to understand him, Dwight motioned him to come to us. He did so, and asked for a cup of coffee, saying that he was an old soldier, and had walked all the way from Kansas City. It seems that he was going to live with a married son at some place in Missouri; that he had been told by the daughter with whom he had been staying in Kansas City that there was no longer room for him. Attempting to cheer him, we gave him food. He put it in his pocket, and tottered slowly onward over the ties, his budget, though not large, appearing to be too much of a load for him.

He turned, as he was almost out of sight, and waved his red bandanna handkerchief. That was the last which we saw of the poor, unfortunate, old man.

The river was now only a stone's throw away, but the crossing at Lexington was about fourteen miles distant. My feet had become so sore that walking was a very painful thing. However, we made about ten miles that afternoon, reaching Wellington at four o'clock. We had now gotten into a rough country—a coal mining district, lying

along the Missouri River. Our tent was pitched that night beside a church, and not far from a store, and a good well of water.

Arriving at Lexington, we started in a downpour of rain for the ferry, a mile and a quarter from the center of the town. However, the storm prevented our carrying out the plan of crossing at Lexington, and we camped near the Missouri Pacific railroad. All kinds of tough men were tramping back and forth along the tracks. A poor family of miners lived in an old deserted houseboat near us, and showed us great kindness, although we felt some hesitancy about accepting favors from such uncleanly people. They came to our camp to visit, loaning us a lantern and assuring us that there was no danger. The wood was all wet, and we retired that night without supper.

Dolly was tied to the cart in front of the tent, and with a revolver within reach, we tried to close our eyes in sleep. But the night was intensely dark, and we feared an attack by someone, which made sleep impossible. The ground around us was a vast mud-hole. Dolly was cold and restless, and stamped about in the slush. Every time a train roared by, she lunged and jerked the cart. Even the ground under the tent was soaked so that poor Don, our faithful dog, had no place to lie down. He begged so hard to be allowed to get up into our cots, that we finally permitted him to do so, muddy as he was.

When morning dawned, Dwight arose and took Dolly back into the town and bought her a rubber blanket and some oats. He also had her sharp shod, in order that she might be able to pull her load up the slippery hills. It was still drizzling, and we decided to change the route, and

go by way of Higginsville, and the Glasgow crossing.

It rained almost continually for the next two or three days, compelling us to remain in camp, and content ourselves with cold meals. I became tired of staying in bed, and on the third day of the storm I went outside of the tent, determined to catch a ride to town, and buy some provisions that could be prepared without fire. As I stood in the rain, a man and woman in a buggy came along the road, and I ventured to ask them to purchase some bread and sardines for us, which they agreed to do. I gave them a dollar, and late in the afternoon they returned and stopped beside our camp, giving me the provisions for which I had sent. They laughed and asked me how I came to trust total strangers with the money, saying that they might have taken another road and gone home. I told them that I was not at all afraid of anything of that kind when I looked into their faces and saw their honest expression. They were extremely pleasant and invited us to stop and see them when we continued our journey.

I took Dwight's coat—the only one he had with him—and asked permission at the farm-house to dry it. Dolly was already in the stable, and I was invited into the dining-room, where I dried the coat by the fire, my hostess chatting cordially, the while.

When I returned to the camp, Dwight got up and cooked supper. It was the first hot meal that we had been able to prepare for several days. In the evening we were invited to the house. Although we appreciated the kind offer of the use of the farmer's stove, we really had no need of it, and were very comfortable.

After all, one's happiness does not depend on

outward conditions. We are never so uncomfortable but that we might be more so, and there are always redeeming features in any situation, if we only look for them.

The following morning was clear and pleasant. We had plenty of company all day, the neighbors coming to see us while we dried the clothes and bedding. The time was spent writing letters and washing our muddy clothing and basking in the sunshine. We accepted an invitation from the young man at the nearest house to take supper with his family, and passed a most enjoyable evening. The hospitality and goodfellowship of the people in the neighborhood made us feel quite at home.

That night, Dolly was tied to the cart in order to get an early start before daylight. Something frightened her in the darkness, and she pulled the cart over an embankment. She lunged about and snorted, and Dwight had some trouble getting down to her and loosening her from the cart. At dawn, we learned that she had hurt her hough and bent the axle of the cart. Otherwise, everything was all right, although shaken up.

Our progress that day was rather slow, on account of my feet becoming so tender. At Marshall, a druggist gave me a preparation that afforded great relief, so that I had no further difficulty—particularly after I had discarded narrow shoes and confiscated a pair of Dwight's, which were of a broad, bull-dog last. With these shoes I walked the entire distance to New York. My husband had much fun at my expense on the way, insisting that I had been trying to put a Number Seven foot inside of a Number Four shoe.

Through Gilliam and Slater to Glasgow, there was very little excitement, except that a big gray

cat chased Don out beyond our camp and tried to run him up a tree. The owners said that she had been treed, at one time, and that since then she had waged incessant war against dogs.

We walked in a drizzling rain through the river bottoms, a desolate country, deserted because of the floods. Disheartened farmers had left houses and other improvements. The ferry was not running, as the day was Sunday, so another long wait in the rain stretched out before us, but after we had retraced our steps to a good farmhouse, we pitched the tent. The farmer visited us and cordially invited us to his home. The kindness and friendliness with which the people along the route treated us will always remain a pleasant memory.

Glasgow is a small, but live town, on a high bluff. It was a relief to get out of the sandy bottom lands. At Roanoke we weighed the outfit. Dolly weighed one thousand pounds, and the cart about eight hundred and fifty pounds, while Dwight tipped the beam at one hundred and seventeen pounds and I at one hundred and ninety-one; Don weighed fifty-two pounds.

Near Huntsville, we camped not far from an old, picturesque mill, on a deep, swift stream. It was a historic spot. The water wheel for the mill was among the first freight shipped over the Wabash railroad.

In the village of Kimberly, our camping ground was close to a church in a beautiful location, although in a coal mining community. While Dwight took a sack and went to buy some corn for Dolly, I undertook to carry water for her to drink.

As I walked down the road a wagon passed, I could not see the occupants very well, but a

voice addressed me, saying, as the wagon rattled by:

"Where are you people traveling?"

I replied, innocently, but emphatically:

"We are walking from Kansas City to New York."

The same voice rang out laughingly:

"Do you think you will ever get there?"

I called back:

"Yes, I think we will," and in reply I heard peal after peal of laughter, and then I began to come to myself—it was my husband, riding down the road in the wagon, and he thought it a good chance to play a joke on me.

We prepared with great care for our arrival in Moberly, which came into view at about ten o'clock. Our tent and quilts were placed in a neat pack on the top of the cart, which had been washed all over, so that the inscription, "Walking from Kansas City to New York," would show clearly. Our clothing had been changed, and we made a neat appearance, and it was not in vain, for our reception was by far the nicest yet experienced along the route. The population of the town was curious, but kindly.

The roads in this part of the country were very badly taken care of, and there were great ruts and sink holes. Not far from Hannibal, we tramped through the mud all day, and were tired, having lost our way. Dwight was refused permission to camp near a farm-house where he had stopped. As he emerged from the place—I had dropped behind the cart—he said loudly enough to be heard by the people:

"Come on, those people are not even human."

They had said that they did not want "campers" on their place. However, we encountered very

few persons who were so selfish. From Hannibal we were ferried across the Mississippi River, and camped on the Illinois side.

It has been said that the farther one goes east the more inhospitable and unfriendly people become, but we did not find that to be the case. The proprietor of the leading hotel at Barry, Illinois, entertained us at dinner, and referred us to one of the richest farmers in the vicinity, for a pleasant camping spot.

Through Missouri and Illinois, we noticed some peculiar expressions. Many persons accosted us with the remark:

"You're takin' a pritty long gant (jaunt) ain't ye?" and when we walked rather fast they often said:

"You're goin' at a pritty good hickory." In Illinois and Indiana, they said:

"You're takin' a pritty long hike, by Jingoes!" In Ohio it was simply, "a long walk," and in New York, it was "a long journey,"—"Ain't you'se tired yit?" As we entered a small town in New York, a small boy came running up to us, saying:

"Did you'se fetch de dog all de ways wid yus?"

At Valley City, Illinois, we were ferried across the Illinois River. It was very rough and wide and reminded us of our White River trip in the Ozarks. On the other side we got on the wrong road and into soggy ground blocked with logs and underbrush. In the search for the right road we came across some men sorting clam shells. This industry is widely followed along the banks of the Illinois, and often valuable pearls are found. The fisheries were quite extensive at this point. One fisherman told us that he had caught a fish—the day before—weighing one hundred pounds, but we let this im-

formation go in one ear and out of the other, as a "fish story."

On Decoration Day, passing down one of the most beautiful streets that I ever saw, we walked into Jacksonville, a very nice city. The trees overlapped above the streets, making a perfect bower all along the way.

At Springfield, which we reached on June 1st, a great crowd gathered. While we were talking, a fat, short little Jew came running up to us all out of breath, and said:

"Come right over to my restaurant and eat. You're perfectly welcome to anything I've got."

It was plain that his game was to draw the crowd to his restaurant, so we thanked him saying that we might call around when we got hungry, but we did not get hungry while near his place.

Leaving the city, a young man and woman on horseback accompanied us all the afternoon, showing great interest in our trip, and taking supper with us. The following day they again met us and dined in our company.

On the other side of Hume, Illinois, a farmer was plowing his field. When asked for permission to camp on his ground, he hesitated for a minute, evidently thinking that we wanted accommodations in his house, and said that he had a large family, but when he learned that only a nice spot for camping was desired, he led us to his orchard. Going to the house for a pail of water, I saw little ones ranging all the way from a five-month's old baby to thirteen years. The mother said that she was thirty-five years of age, the father forty. They said that they had never had any sickness to speak of, in the family, and that the children caused very little trouble; that they looked after one another. The mother did all of her own work, with the assist-

"Walking Woolfs" starting in on Broadway, New York City, with police escort who accompanied them to the City Hall where they finished their 2,000 mile walk Aug. 15, 1910.

ance of her older children, and she informed me that she never missed going to church on Sunday—twice. We thought this a model "Roosevelt" family, and noted the happiness and harmony in the home.

On June 10th, we entered Indiana, near Dana. The Wabash River crossing was at Montezuma. Reaching Indianapolis, on June 14th, we felt that a considerable portion of the journey had now been accomplished. Our camp was in a suburb. At Indianapolis the National Pike begins. It is a public thoroughfare from Washington, D. C., to St. Louis. The road led us to Columbus, Ohio. The weather was now very hot and the dust whirled into our faces when automobiles passed. There were thousands of them.

The birth-place of James Whitcomb Riley, the poet, is located at Greenfield. We also saw "the Old Swimmin' Hole," which delighted his boyhood days.

Just before entering Richmond, Indiana, we were accosted by a farmer:

"Walking to New York, eh? Well, it's about time to camp for the night, isn't it?"

Receiving an affirmative reply he said:

"Well, drive right into my yard, I always keep all the walkers that come down the pike."

It seems that he had really kept all pedestrians that had passed his place, whether they had money or not, and that he did not want to miss any of them.

At Cambridge City, Indiana, tickets to a ball game were presented us, and the game was interesting in the extreme.

At Richmond, we visited Earlham College, where I had attended school years before. I viewed the old college buildings and grounds,

noted the few improvements, but saw only one familiar face, that of a former professor.

We now entered the state that was "different,"—which is named Ohio. Here our treatment was varied. This of course did not apply to Ohio exclusively, as the same might be said in some degree of all states, but the difference of opinion was most noticeable in Ohio. In some sections the people were friendly, and in other places, unfriendly. Sometimes almost everyone whom we met spoke to us, and at other times persons would hardly condescend to answer a question.

In one of the neighborhoods where pedestrians were regarded with suspicion, Dwight remarked that he would like to find a nice place to camp, and the farmer—at whose clover field we were looking—replied that three miles up the road there was a school-house where all the gipsies camped. A woman, asked if she would be kind enough to allow us to camp upon her ground, replied:

"We don't own this farm, are only renting, and have no right to let you stay."

That night we tried six times to camp and were turned away six times. An old man, sitting in his front yard with his daughter, piled insult upon insult, saying, with a sarcastic grin on his face:

"Why don't you get a railroad ticket? What do you want to go through the country like this for? Why don't you ride on the cart?" and a dozen other ignorant and insulting things.

At the next place was a man who had just moved into Ohio, and he permitted us to camp at his place.

Just west of Elyria, Ohio, were a man and a woman walking to the Northeastern part of Pennsylvania. Upon reaching the town, we were surprised to learn that the humane officers had ar-

rested the man and put him in jail for walking the woman across the country, as they claimed that she was physically unable to endure such a trip.

After that, every time we met a policeman Dwight dodged, for fear, he said, that I would be arrested for walking him across the country.

We met many queer characters. Perhaps we looked as funny to them as they did to us. One day when a cold rain was falling, a man rode up on a bicycle. Dismounting, he gazed curiously at us and read aloud the sign on our wagon.

"Well, he remarked, "you've got quite a hike before you."

"Yes," answered Dwight, "and also behind us."

About this time the man's partner came up, and he too dismounted and leaned heavily against his wheel.

Dwight said:

"What kind of a trip are you on?"

The first man replied:

"Oh, we're on a pleasure trip!"

But the expression on the face of his companion showed disapproval.

Dwight then asked:

"Where do you stay nights?"

Before his comrade had time to answer, the man in the rear said:

"Oh, we hit the barns!"

The laughable part of the whole incident was that the fellow who rode up first was trying to make the best of a bad job, and the other man was so thoroughly disgusted with the pleasure end of it that he was ready to do anything to discredit it. The last that we saw of the pair, they were still riding tandem, the one in the rear being too tired and disgusted to even attempt to keep up with his more cheerful partner. Whatever we do in this

life, everything depends on the point of view. Those who look on the bright side, always have pleasant experiences to relate. People who are given to telling hard luck stories usually have plenty of hard luck stories to tell.

At Cleveland, Ohio, we camped on the Rocky River in a very picturesque spot. The next morning Dolly was missing. Supposing that she had pulled her stake and strayed a short distance away, we were not worried. But a thorough search in the vicinity was unsuccessful, and it was two disheartened beings that finally came upon her late in the afternoon, eight miles out in the country. She was tied up in a barn near our camping place of the day before.

On July 11th, two red automobiles approached us and a gentleman introduced himself as Mr. John Abernathy, of Oklahoma. He had with him his two small sons, who had made the long horse-back ride from Oklahoma to New York to meet Colonel Roosevelt on his return from Africa. They were returning from New York, preferring automobiles for the journey home. We talked to them for some time, took their pictures, and secured their autographs.

On the same day, we reached Painesville, Ohio, late in the afternoon, and having walked the allotted number of miles for the day, decided to camp at the first inviting spot. As we passed a beautiul summer home, two gentlemen and two ladies came toward us from the yard. They said that they had read about our trip and they were very much interested in us. They said that they were show people, and consequently they knew the world pretty well, themselves. We accepted their invitation to camp on their lawn that night. They

"Walking Woolfs" on Broadway, New York City, reaching the congested districts.

prepared supper for us, and our evening with them was a most delightful one.

At Ashtabula, Lake Erie could be seen, for the first time. It made a great impression on us, as it was the only large body of water that we had ever seen. We walked along the shore, within a stone's throw of the lake, for miles and miles, enjoying the breeze and the constantly varying color of the water, as it changed from blue to pale green and gold, with every movement of the waves.

While camping in a rather unfriendly neighborhood in Pennsylvania, I tried to rent or borrow a wash-tub. It was an absolute necessity that I do our washing, or I should not have asked such a favor of the farmer's wife.

She looked me over suspiciously, and said:

"Are you right sure you will be here in the morning?" She evidently thought that we would pack up in the night and run away with her tub.

On July 16th we entered the state of New York. At Westfield there was a band of gipsies, the toughest looking outfit yet encountered. There were several covered wagons, painted red, and with poor old skinny horses hitched to them. Tramping beside the wagons were three men leading big brown bears. An almost endless number of old women and children tagged along behind the wagons, leading a lot of monkeys. Our horse, Dolly, became almost uncontrollable with fright, and for several miles after we had passed the outfit, she kept sniffing at the ground, evidently detecting the odor of the bears from the tracks left by their feet upon the ground.

When we were several days' walk west of Buffalo, a man and a woman in an automobile drove up beside us and stopped. They seemed to be very much interested in us and our mode of

travel, calling it unique. Upon arriving at Buffalo a few days later, we were met by them and taken to their home, where they entertained us royally. An automobile ride all over the city was one of the attentions we received at their hands. We left our dog, horse and cart at Buffalo and went to Niagara Falls by train, spending a day there, viewing the most wonderful sights we had ever beheld.

Early one morning we arrived at Dunkirk, New York. A large, nice-looking, well-dressed gentleman came up beside the cart, saying:

"What have you in there? An elephant?"

Dwight made no answer, as he was accustomed to the remarks of all kinds of people. Seeing that no notice was paid to him, the man said again, loudly enough to be heard by everyone around us:

"Have you got an elephant in there?"

At this, Dwight turned and looked at him, and said in an indifferent tone of voice:

"You are standing over there on the sidewalk, aren't you?" To which the man replied: "Yes, I am." "Well, then," said Dwight, "the elephant is out." "You think you're pretty darned smart," said the big man, as he walked away.

Late one Sunday evening, while passing through the town of Bergen, New York, we were tired after a long day's walk, and decided to dine at a hotel. Dwight asked the proprietor if he was prepared to serve a meal, and received a negative answer. He evidently thought that we had no money to pay for it. We disliked to be misunderstood by such ignorant people, but like many other rural folks, they had never been away from home, and our queer outfit was more than they could comprehend. It was another unfriendly settle-

ment. We found a fine camping spot, but had no bread, and asked a woman sitting on the front porch of a farm-house if she would sell us some.

"I will see if I have some," she said.

But her husband, who had overheard a part of what had been said, yet not enough to know that we wished to buy, not beg, spoke out loudly:

"We have no bread to give away."

One day, as we followed the road, which wound pleasantly through green fields, we met a man and a woman in a buggy. It was not difficult to see by the expression on their faces that we had at once become objects of pity. The man said:

"Now, you folks are having to walk from Kansas City to New York! That's too bad! Couldn't you have bought a railroad ticket for pretty near what it is going to cost you to walk through?"

Whenever we met anyone like this, we always had some fun. Dwight replied to the man:

"Now, I'll tell you how it is. You see, we have a sick cousin in New York, and we have to walk so as to get there and see him before he dies. You can readily see that we couldn't afford to buy a railroad ticket, because it would cost at least a hundred dollars to go from Kansas City to New York by rail, and all it costs us to walk is the expense of buying a horse and outfit, and living for three months and a half, and you know that isn't much."

By this time the man in the buggy awakened and said:

"Oh, I bet you are making a whole lot of money by doing this."

"No, I am doing it for my health," replied Dwight, but even then the man wouldn't believe it.

At Canistota, New York, we camped on the outskirts of the town, one Sunday evening. After the tent was put up and our supper was started, we noticed that we had about forty visitors, but we were hungry and went right on cooking. Soon, an aristocratic, middle-aged gentleman drove up in an automobile, and remarked:

"I passed you this morning, and wondered what you were doing, and when I saw you here tonight, I just thought I would stop and see you. I see you're walking from Kansas City to New York. It's no business of mine, but if you don't mind telling me, are you walking because you have to, or just for fun?"

Dwight worked the sick cousin story on him, but he was too wise, and saw through it at once, saying laughingly:

"You people are all right. I glory in your spunk. I see you're getting supper. I'd like to stay and eat with you."

We were both surprised, but Dwight was game, and said:

"If you're in earnest, you're welcome to dine with us."

The gentleman, who turned out to be the owner of a large chair factory at Oneida, New York, said:

"Certainly, I'm in earnest. Put on more coffee and everything. I want to eat with you."

When supper was ready, Dwight put a board across a camp stool, and our guest sat on one end of it and I on the other, neither daring to move lest the other upset. We joked and laughed during the entire meal, and after it was over and the crowd had dispersed, to some extent, our quondam visitor said:

"I have enjoyed this immensely. I like things that are out of the ordinary."

He stayed and talked with us that night until bed time, and as he left said:

"I shall see you people again before you leave."

The next morning, before we had packed up, he again drove out to see us, and conversed while we finished packing. Supposing that would be the last we would see of him, we bade him goodbye, but a couple of hours later, he again overtook us and invited us to take dinner with him at a hotel in Oneida. We took his picture, and upon reaching the hotel had a most pleasant visit with him. It was one of many delightful experiences, and we shall always have in our hearts a warm spot for this true gentleman.

The most beautiful scenery of the entire journey was in the Mohawk Valley. The road runs for miles along the Erie Canal through the wonderful and far-famed region.

At Amsterdam, the great carpet-manufacturing city, a break-down of our cart delayed us for several hours. Schenectady, New York, we shall always remember as a very live town. At noon, on Saturday, when the Electric plant closed for the half holiday, there were thousands of prosperous, happy looking men and boys coming from their work. In fact the whole town had a successful appearance.

Upon arriving at Troy, New York, we turned south toward the great metropolis. Crowds of people surrounded our cart. One woman approached Dolly, and patting her, said:

"Oh, this poor horse! Does it ever get anything to eat?"

This was too much for my good nature. I

had frequently passed over rude remarks, with a smile, but this time I turned on the old woman and said slowly, so that the audience could hear every word:

"Madam, if you were to eat pork chops in proportion to the amount of oats fed to this horse, you would be a great deal fatter than you are."

She had no more to say, but began to pet Don, whom she pitied, no doubt, as much as she had the horse.

One thing that was noticeable throughout our travels in New York State was the number of deserted farms. Every few miles we came to tumble down farm houses and barns. The land had evidently been deserted for sometime.

We did not attempt to keep any account, but I think that there must have been over two hundred within a comparatively small radius.

It required just one week to walk from Troy, the turning point at the Hudson River, to New York City.

At Yonkers, we received a message from the New York World, stating that a reporter connected with that paper would meet us at the city line with an escort of police. The message urged us to start from Yonkers on Monday, August 15th, rain or shine.

Exactly three hours and three-quarters from the time of starting from Yonkers, we were at the City Hall, in New York City, where we met the Acting Mayor and a number of other officials.

As we neared the City Hall I turned to the reporter for the World, who walked by my side, and, pointing toward the building, asked what that big crowd was, over there. He smiled, and replied:

"Well, that is the crowd waiting to see you."

I was certainly surprised, for there was a sea

"Walking Woolfs" arriving at the City Hall, New York City.

Reception upon arrival.

of faces, and when, with the aid of police and reporters, we finally made our way to the entrance of the City Hall, a mob of staff photographers was stationed on every hand, taking snap shots at us from all angles.

Escorted into the building, we met the Mayor and gave him the congratulations of the Mayors of the two Kansas Cities.

Thus ended the long journey.

The reporter for the World took us over to the private dining room of his paper. It was in the Roof Garden. After a pleasant hour with him, chatting over the incidents of the day, we found a suitable place to stay while in the city.

On September 15th, having spent a month seeing New York City, we started home by rail, shipping our faithful horse, Dolly, and Don, our dog, to Kansas City, in order that they might be with us on our next hike.

Tramping and Camping

IN THE

Great Southwest.

BY DWIGHT H. WOOLF.

WHEN one has become accustomed to out of door life, it is a difficult matter to settle down, even for a short time, within four walls. Therefore, three weeks after returning from New York to our home in Kansas City, Kansas, Stella and I could not longer endure the thought of living in a house. So we began to make preparations for another walk.

At that time I was fully convinced that if I had the nerve and energy to persist with the open air treatment, I should eventually gain the point which I had started out to win.

It was hard to leave our relatives, who had looked forward with great pleasure to having us with them during the winter.

We had decided not to take Don, but had gotten only a few blocks from the house when we discovered the faithful dog trotting along, peacefully and stubbornly, under the wagon. Dolly, our horse which had pulled the little cart all the way to New York, could not realize, of course, what a long journey was before her.

"Walking Woolfs" starting from Kansas City, Oct. 15, 1910,
on their 8,000 mile walk.

It was autumn. The leaves and grass were taking on a shade of brown that, although beautiful in its way, did not present so cheerful an aspect as in the springtime.

The city was soon left behind us. Along both sides of the road were immense cornfields. Our appetites were increasing with every step. Eager to feast upon green corn, we bought some and camped, with permission, near a farm-house, stopping for the night at White Church, Kansas.

Our route proceeded through the towns of Bonner Springs and Edwardsville. At Linwood, Kansas, we became acquainted with a farmer's wife who had very decided views in regard to the pleasures of the country. Having all the necessities of life at hand, she was surrounded by the beauties of nature, yet she preferred the village close by.

After leaving the place, we had a little of the noted winds of Kansas, the breeze center of the universe. For a number of miles we could hardly take the chance of opening our eyes, through fear that they would fill with sand and dirt. However, at about three o'clock we arrived at Lawrence, where the State University is located. On the outskirts of the town we stopped at a small store to replenish our commissary. The proprietor, a very friendly man, insisted that we must take dinner with his family. The meal was a most enjoyable one, and our experience at Lawrence was in general, exceedingly pleasant.

The next morning the weather had turned colder. As we cooked breakfast over the campfire, an old man came along, carrying a pack on his back. He said that he had tramped all the way from Topeka, and had not had a bite to eat. We told him to warm himself by our fire, and gave

him some black coffee, which seemed to cheer him up considerably.

Passing through Topeka, the capital of Kansas, we followed the Santa Fe railroad through the towns of Pauline, Wakarusa and Carbondale, to Scranton. Arrived in Burlingame late in the afternoon, we met the proprietor of the leading hotel. He was a very intelligent man, who was interested in our trip, from the standpoint of health.

At Osage City we formed the acquaintance of some people who had recently returned from prospecting in Nevada. They had read in the Nevada papers of our travels.

That evening we camped with a jolly good fellow who knew how to make good cider and was not a bit stingy with it. He told us that the road past his house was frequented by a great many tramps; that he purchased a vicious bulldog, but that the dog must have been a tramp at some time in his life, for the worst reception that he ever gave a tramp was to meet him at the gate, wagging his tail as a sign of welcome.

Our host entertained us during the evening by relating a number of witty stories. His account of an experience in Arkansas will bear repetition. It seems that while he was on one of his trips to that state, a gentleman came from the east, and asked the farmers why they never sold nor bought property in their part of the country, but just left their farms from one generation to another. After a while he got the people worked up so that they began to sell. When all except one of the farmers had sold out, they got together and discussed the problem of re-investing their money. But there was one man, Bill Williams, who had not yet disposed of his land, so the group called

on him, inquiring what he asked for it. He replied:

"Boys, I don't ax nothin'."

"Well, how's that?" the boys exclaimed.

"Wall, if I don't ax nothin', I don't have to take nothin'."

While camping at Emporia, Kansas, we met a very interesting old gentleman, "Dad" McKanna, an old-time engineer. During our conversation with him, he informed us that he had run the first engine ever run in Kansas; that he had eight living children, twenty-nine grand children, and nine great-grandchildren; that his oldest boy was fifty-four years of age. Mr. McKanna, himself, was then in his seventy-fifth year, and he had come to Kansas in 1855, when the state was first settled. His brother was John Brown's private secretary.

Emporia people showed great appreciation of our song, "Take a Walk," and of our souvenir post cards. Four miles from the town we stopped at the home of a friend of William Allen White, the well-known editor of the Emporia Gazette.

At Cottonwood Falls, Stella went into a bank to get warm, while I supplied our commissary with provisions. When I returned she seemed disturbed about something. I asked her what the trouble was.

"Well," she said, "I just stopped in the bank, here, to get warm, while you were getting the provisions that we need, and the banker asked me what we were doing. I told him that we were making an 8,000 mile walk, and he wanted to know why I didn't stay at home and raise kids and cabbage, instead of going around the country in this manner."

I told Stella not to mind what the man had said, and then I went up to the window to get a five dollar bill changed. However, the banker,

not being satisfied with insulting my wife, started in on me, by asking why I didn't push my wife around in a wheelbarrow; that it would attract more attention. I tried to be polite to him, although I knew that he did not deserve it. I said that we were not trying to attract attention, that we did not care for notoriety; that I was taking these trips for the benefit of my health, and used the horse and cart to carry the camping outfit. But he took so much interest in our affairs, proceeding to tell me how I ought to manage, that I advised him that I was very sorry not to have seen and conferred with him before starting out; that hereafter I should not forget to confer with him in regard to our future actions.

Four miles from Cottonwood Falls, we struck the edge of what is known as the Flint Hills, of Kansas. The land is used for pasture, only. When we came down the last one of the big hills, we were invited to a pleasant home, where we spent the week end.

In Elmdale, our cart was surrounded by a crowd of farmer boys, who were inclined to be slow about purchasing souvenir cards, when a lady, a resident of the town, came up and after buying for herself, offered to loan the boys the money for souvenirs. Their excuse for not investing had been the lack of money. Through the influence of this lady they all fell into line.

As our outfit passed the Clover Cliff ranch, near Elmdale, a number of horses and pigs in a lot became frightened and stampeded. One of the horses started to run away at full speed, but in the attempt to do so fell over a 400 pound porker and they both rolled over together, the pig squealing at the top of his voice. We always saw the funny side of everything, and considered the

incident a very laughable one. The Clover Cliff ranch embraces 5,000 acres.

That night I went to a farm-house to buy some butter and cream. After she had given me a half a tin cup of butter and a spoonful of cream, the woman said:

"I guess twenty-five cents for the butter and ten cents for the cream will be enough, but you can pay more if you think it is worth it."

The high cost of living is not confined entirely to cities, although, as a rule, we received more than our money's worth.

We passed through the towns of Peabody, Newton, Walton and Sedgwick, camping on the place of one of Kansas' most noted stock raisers.

Wichita appeared to be the most thriving city through which we passed. At that point we were entertained by a former teacher of Stella's. After we had pitched camp a man with peculiar manners came to visit us. Then his two boys came out, but all at once the father spoke in a commanding tone, asking them to go to the barn and throw down some hay for the horses. We supposed that the boys would take their time to the task, but to our surprise they suddenly jumped up and ran at full speed toward the barn to obey their father. When they came back, and again commenced to talk, the father looked at them without saying a word and they sprang up and started for the pasture to get the cows. After a while the wife, who had been getting supper, came out to pay us a visit, but soon after her arrival he said something casually about his trousers needing mending, and the woman lost no time in going into the house. Stella insisted on our starting early next morning, as she was desirious of getting me away before I

had a chance to learn how the man governed his wife.

Perhaps these incidents may furnish a clue to the reason why so many boys leave the farm as soon as opportunity presents—and why so many farmer's wives go insane.

At Wellington, Winfield, Oxford and other towns we were entertained royally. People seemed pleased to see a lady who had the nerve to undertake a walk of such great length.

At Arkansas City we began to see real Indians, coming from the different reservations. Newkirk, Oklahoma, was a small place, but it had several street attractions the day that we were there. An Italian with a musical instrument called a concertina gave a free entertainment on a corner. Unfolding his camp stool, which he carried under his arm, he placed it on the street near the curb, and began to talk:

"Right over dis way to hear de musical man! Don'tmees't! Remember dat music is de greatest ting in de worl', and you got it right here, dis afternoon!"

Finally, everyone on the street was near the Dago, listening to the music, which was really good. He played the tunes the old farmers liked, and "Turkey in the Straw" made one of them, an old gray whiskered man, forget the years that had passed since his boyhood days, and clapped his hands and stamped his feet in time to the music. After a while the Italian went through the group with his cap, taking a collection. When anyone put in some money, he said:

"Good-a-man! Fine-a-sport!" but when I started to contribute, he said:

"Oh, no, I canno taka de money from you—you gotta maka de walk!"

The collection was evidently a good-sized one, for when the musician again sat down to play, he wore the smile that won't come off. A gentleman, who had mistaken Stella—on account of her sunburn and unusual dress—to be the Dago's wife, stepped up and handed her a dime. Stella said: "Is it a copy of 'Take a Walk' that you want?" He replied, "No," and went away, leaving my wife flushed with embarrassment. The Dago appeared disappointed, but when he had finished, he good-naturedly turned the crowd over to the Socialist Soap-box speaker, whom we had seen at Wichita.

We had a fine visit with old friends, at Ponca City, and left there to see an encampment of Indians on the Arkansas River. White Horse, the present ruler of the Ponca Indians, succeeded White Eagle, his father, who is now ninety-six years of age. The tents of the Indians were scattered all along the river bank. They were having one of their annual celebrations.

An Indian's teepee is constructed in a very convenient way. The fire is built in the center of the teepee, and the smoke goes straight up through a hole in the top, and they all sit around the fire with a kettle suspended from the top of a pole, oftentimes a dog-stew being in the kettle. The young generation is disposed to be exceedingly friendly and sociable, while the older ones do not care to have anything to do with the pale faces. There is one thing that the American people will have to give the Indians credit for, and that is living close to nature. Whenever the government has insisted upon their occupying houses, a window or door pane that is once broken out is seldom replaced. It is said that consumption was never known among the Indians until they began to live in

houses, and now it is claimed that whole tribes are suffering from the disease.

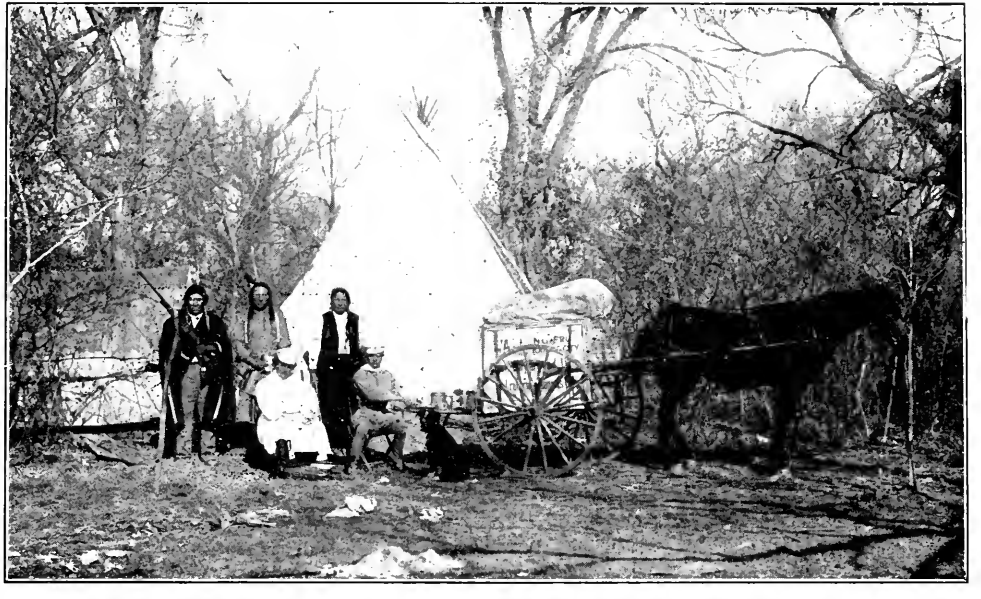
We took Thanksgiving dinner with Mr. Joe Miller, at 101 ranch, owned by the Miller Brothers. Then, bidding Mr. Miller and his family goodbye, we passed on to Bliss and Red Rock, camping that night on the farm of a kind Bohemian. The next day we were compelled to walk against a fiercely cold wind, which was almost a gale, and as we marched along with heads down to avoid the biting cold wind in our faces, Dolly shied clear out into a ditch. Looking ahead to ascertain the cause of her fright, I saw a buggy a few feet in front of us, coming at full speed, and propelled by a sail made out of a piece of rag carpet. A boy and girl were having great sport trying to guide the conveyance. Now and then they were obliged to grab the wheel to steer it into the road.

Cotton pickers were at work at Perry, and also at Orlando, where we camped.

A funny incident occurred at Mulhall. While Stella was in the newspaper office, a lady came in, who appeared to be very much interested in our trip, saying that she had read about our previous journey in the New York World. When the woman learned that we had post cards for sale, she offered to give us a notice in her paper if we would not ask her to buy anything. Stella gave her to understand that we did not depend upon either the cards or newspaper notices for our success.

Laying in a new supply of provisions, we started for Guthrie, where both of us had grown up. We had a most delightful visit with old friends.

Passing through Edmond and Britton, we arrived in Oklahoma City, and went to the home of relatives. Oklahoma City has undoubtedly made greater strides than any other city in



"Walking Woolfs" at camp near the Arkansas River on the 101 Ranch, with White Horse, chief of the Ponca Indians.

the United States, being only twenty-two years old and having over one hundred miles of paved streets and many sky-scrapers.

The Canadian River, which we crossed at Lexington, was almost dry, but it is considered one of the most treacherous rivers in the country. The bridge that was formerly suspended over it between Lexington and Purcell had been washed out by high water and quicksand. The abutments and the entire structure with all the teams crossing it had gone down into the surging water and were soon swallowed up by the bottomless quicksand.

In the old Indian Territory, there was no longer any guide as to how to travel, as there were no square turns nor section lines. The roads were the same as those used before civilization entered that part of the country.

In a few hours we were stuck in the mud. Some farmers helped us out and directed us to where there was a better road leading into the next town. It was rather disheartening, but we knew that such things would happen occasionally, and we retraced our way.

Camping in a man's back yard, we attempted to shell enough corn for Dolly's supper. We were amateurs at that work and did not make much headway. Then, two little girls came to pay us a visit, and one of them said:

"I 'll bet you all I can shell more corn than you all can."

One of the children lived in Oklahoma and the other one had come from Arkansas. The little one from Arkansas, chewing snuff, began to work. She shelled two ears to the other's one, spitting freely all of the time. I remarked that she was a pretty smart little girl. "Well," she said, "down

where I came from, if you go to school a heap, you learn a sight," and I wondered if she were to go to school a sight, would she learn a heap?

Paola, Pauls Valley and Wynnewood came in quick succession. At the latter place our camp was on the site of a gipsy camp. There had been very little rain in that region and water was scarce. Many times that day we had been refused water for our horse. Leaving Wynnewood in the afternoon, we asked a man whom we met where to stop for the night in order to have plenty of water for Dolly. He informed us that it would be necessary to walk seven miles. We started for the place just as the sun was sinking behind the hills, finding on arrival, an old broken down well, and it had only about six inches of water in the bottom of it. But a farmer who lived in that neighborhood told us that it was dry. He evidently hoped that we would pass on without using any of the water, but we camped and passed a very restless night. In the darkness several drunken men stopped and tried to get a drink, and finding the old well dry, gave way to anger and tore down what was left of the boxing and windlass.

The following morning we walked into Sulphur, one of the prettiest spots in the state. Sulphur is a health resort, and people from all over the country were staying there, on account of the mineral springs. After receiving a very cordial welcome, we walked a few miles beyond the town and pitched our tent upon a dairyman's premises. His method of drawing water from his old well was a peculiar one; hitching a horse to a long rope, he rode the horse the entire length, drawing up the bucket, which was attached to the end of the rope.

The next day was a hard one. A new road had been made through the wilderness, and the

numerous stumps that we had to cross almost broke down the cart. Leaving the wilderness, we got into a sandy region where Dolly almost refused to pull her load.

Passing through Mill Creek and Troy, we stopped with an elderly farmer from Missouri. He was extremely thrifty, and when I bought fodder for Dolly, gathered up some of the waste upon the ground and charged me a quarter for it. His wife also had the same thrifty spirit, for when Stella went to the house to buy milk, the woman poured some in a pail—she called it "scum" milk—and said that she "reckoned" it was worth a dime.

The next spot for our tent was in an out of the way place, and there was the same trouble about getting water for Dolly. Stella was a little out of patience with me, and I determined to punish her for it, by letting her cook the supper. She tried to build a fire, but as she was not an expert she became disgusted and kicked the remains of the fire over the ground. By that time, I decided that she had been sufficiently punished, so I did as I have done on all our trips, cooked a nice, warm supper and made a big pot of coffee. And as we sat by the fire, with a great forest at our backs, and the bright moon smiling down upon us, we could almost imagine that we were natives, leading their simple life and enjoying nature to the uttermost.

There were several small towns that came next in the order of march. In one town a crowd stood out in front of a store, watching us depart. Stella, was trying to present as good an appearance as possible, and in making the effort, fell down in front of me. As I had no chance to get her out of the way quickly, so as to prevent the

cart from running over her, I was forced to shove her out of the way with my foot. We could hear the crowd laugh as long as we were in hearing distance.

When we reached Medill, a boy was standing on a corner with a can of hot tomales. Being very hungry, we immediately proceeded to appease our appetites. A large audience surrounded us and watched us eat. The people showed as much curiosity to see if we should eat like other persons, as if we were wild, vicious animals in a menagerie. But even that did not spoil our appetites, and we were more than delighted when a man stepped out and offered to buy five dozen red hot tomales, if we would eat them. He stipulated, however, that if we failed to eat all, we should pay for the treat. Being told to bring on the tomales, he did so, and we stood there before the crowd and ate them every one. The laugh was then on the man who had challenged our appetites. After selling a few post cards to those who had watched our feat—many of the bystanders, no doubt wished that they had as good appetites as we had exhibited—we started on our way with wishes of "good luck" from the crowd. Kingston and Woodville were the last towns in Oklahoma through which our procession passed. It was now only two miles to the Red River, the boundary line between Oklahoma and Texas. The Red River has fully as bad a reputation as the Canadian has, but unlike the Canadian, it had plenty of visible water. At first we were afraid to cross, but finally I mustered up courage enough to wade across that we might know its depth. As I waded, I could feel the sand slipping under my feet. Undoubtedly, if I had stood in one spot any length of time I should have been swallowed up. Going back to

where my belongings were, I unpacked the bottom of the cart on the sand bar, so as to prevent that part of our baggage from becoming wet. The water was deep enough to enter the cart. At last I persuaded Stella to get on top of the cart, and again I waded across, leading Dolly by the bridle. I then had to unpack the baggage from the top part of the cart and wade back again after the remainder of our baggage. It was my third trip from shore to shore and I was wet and cold, but when I had changed to warm, dry clothing, I never felt better in my life. However, I was thankful that the treacherous river was safely behind us.

After packing the cart, we started up the slippery, steep bank on the Texas side. To save Dolly, who was unable to pull the load up the hill, from backing into the river, both of us jumped to the back of the cart and pushed with all our might, thus giving the faithful little horse courage to make a stronger effort. When we reached the top, we holloed:

"Hooray,! Three cheers for Texas!"

At Preston, the first town in Texas, we met a gang of ruffians, who had been partaking too freely of the prohibited "firewater." A lot of boys rushed out of an old vacant building and surrounded the cart. They were bent upon having some fun out of us, but finding out that we were both jolly good people, they became our friends and wished us good luck on our way.

At Denison, on Christmas Eve, the streets were filled with shoppers. A large crowd collected around our cart. While Stella was giving the story of our trip to the representative of the local newspaper, someone threw a huge cannon fire cracker under Dolly, and she started to run away. Luck-

ily, a man stopped her before she had done any damage.

The explosion of fireworks on Christmas surprised us, we had never heard them except on the Fourth of July. It seems that it is the custom in the South to celebrate Christmas in that manner.

We camped with people who were examples of true Southern hospitality. Although they had known us only a few hours, we were given free access to the house and cellar, where a bountiful supply of fruit and everything good was stored, and told to make ourselves at home, while the family spent Christmas day with friends.

The next stop was at Sherman. Before reaching that city we visited acquaintances of our recent hosts and were entertained royally.

Beyond Van Alstyne, we were delayed by an accident to the cart, but with the help of several farmers, I succeeded in getting the cart out of the road, and taking the broken part to town had it repaired.

It then began to rain. We were in the section of the state known as the "black lands," or gumbo mud, which is very rich and fertile. The soil, when dry, packs and makes a road equal to anything that is macadamized, but when wet even slightly it makes traveling almost impossible. The wheels became clogged with mud, so that Dolly found it hard to pull the cart. As we plodded along, we noticed an old hen, who was having much trouble. Her toes were spread out almost the size of a saucer. Poor Don was having hard luck, too. The mud kept collecting between his toes, and when walking became almost impossible, he sat down and bit it out, keeping an eye on us all of the time to see that we did not get very far

ahead. This process was repeated every few feet. It was a laughable sight.

Going by way of McKinney and Plano, we camped in Richardson on New Year's Eve. The only available spot was near a church and the ground was covered with a growth of prickly burrs. Dolly had been used to rolling every night when unharnessed. She lay down on the burrs and got up rather suddenly with an expression of positive disgust on her face.

At Dallas, on New Year's day, we first encountered a Texas Norther. Before getting our tent up, our hands became almost frozen, and the weather was so cold that it was impossible to prepare supper. As we sat in the tent, wondering what we should do, a gentleman who lived across the street came to see us, asking if we would accept some hot biscuits and apple butter. His thoughtfulness did much to make our condition at that time more tolerable.

During the cold wave, we remained in Dallas, and met a number of exceedingly interesting people among them a man and his wife who had been in the crowd in New York City when we finished our 2,000 mile walk.

A theatrical company that was playing Graustark in one of the best theatres in Dallas, invited us to the show. Our observation has proved that of all persons, the people of the stage are the most cordial. Whenever we met them they extended a hearty welcome. Their good fellowship is accounted for by the fact that travel broadens the mind, and contact with human nature in all of its varied forms has a tendency to make one more kindly disposed.

We made the acquaintance of Mr. Jones, a young man who had just returned from walking

to Nome, Alaska, and back. His example was one of real pluck and energy. He had started on the journey in a paper suit and without any money. Many hardships had been encountered in the far north. Two faithful collie dogs had accompanied him home.

At Fort Worth the crowds around us were so dense that traffic was obstructed. Our reception was a very pleasant one, through the attentions of a number of delightful people.

The next towns in order were Crowley and Cleburne. The roads were bad, and at times we were compelled to sit down and rest and give poor Dolly a chance to regain her strength. It seemed to be a practically worthless country. The ground was covered with black-jack timber and sand and rocks, hence the region was sparsely settled.

After an escape, effected by using tact, from a gang of rough boys at Covington, we marched on to Hillsboro and Abbot.

Waco proved to be a hustling place. While on the street, we met a gentleman—a friendly German. He said:

"For how much do you sell your cards, Mr. Woolf?"

"Ten cents a set," I replied.

"Vell, now, you gif me a set, and don't forget to write to me." Then he produced a pocket knife with his name and business advertisement on it, and exclaimed:

"Now, I belif you forget me before you go very far, so I gif you dis knife so you vill remember me, but first I vant you to gif me someting, or you haf bad luck."

I handed him a match to break the spell of bad luck which the acceptance of the knife would bring on me, according to his belief, and thank-

ed him, telling him that I should certainly remember him. After giving me a small memorandum from his note-book—to refresh my memory in case of forgetfulness—he departed, but soon afterward he came to me saying:

"I've someting else for you," giving me a corkscrew enclosed inside of an imitation bullet. "Now," said he, "I'm vonce more afraid dat you lose dese tings and I vant you to be sure to write," and we fulfilled our promise.

At Bruceville we were made the guests of the town. We met there a man named Walk. He owned a livery stable. He asked how far we had taken our old horse. When told the distance that she had gone, he remarked that he did not see how she could do it, as she must be a hundred years old.

Near Temple, we were entertained in one of the mansions of slavery days.

Saledo, a health resort, and Prairiedale; Jarrell and Cornhill came next on the route. Georgetown is a beautiful spot where the old settlers hold reunions every year. We walked from Georgetown to Round Rock, a distance of ten miles, in two hours, which was a record march for us.

Austin is a nice city, beautifully laid out and decorated with a new system of street lighting, different from any that I have seen elsewhere. At regular intervals are large steel structures, with brilliant lights at the top, and these shed their rays over blocks in all directions.

Stella bought a large straw hat at Buda. Although it was January the sun's rays were getting very warm. The grass along the roadside was green.

Beyond Kyle were acres and acres of cactus.

There were many Mexicans in the part of Texas through which we were now passing. Their favorite dish, it seemed, was chilli con carne, a very hot mixture made of beef, Mexican peppers and other ingredients.

Entering San Marcos, we stopped to look at the beautiful San Marcos River, noted for its clear, cold water. There we met a couple who were walking enthusiasts. The wife had regained health by walking and swimming.

That night we camped with a family of Mexicans. They proved to be both friendly and generous.

New Braunfels, a town colonized entirely by Germans, was only a day's walk from San Antonio, the first turning point and the end of the first lap of the 8,000 miles.

We entered San Antonio early one morning, passing through Fort Sam Houston, the second largest fort in the United States. It was the time of the Mexican uprising, and the city was filled with troops on the way to the border. San Antonio —SanAntone, the natives call it—is an exceedingly interesting place, filled with historic associations. The Alamo—the cradle of Texas liberty—is almost the first place to be shown to tourists. The old missions are quaint and the natural hot water baths are patronized by visitors from far and wide.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray, theatrical folks, were playing "My Country Cousin" at one of the theatres. Mr. Murray won distinction by kicking his way around the world in eleven months.

San Antonio looks almost like a foreign city. The houses are low and close to the ground, and many of them are made of adobe. They appear to be dirty and gloomy, from the outside. No matter how small the yard may be, its owner usually

keeps a cow, chickens and pigs. Sometimes there is a garden, also, for raising vegetables. The famous Buckhorn Saloon is a remarkable place. Its walls are decorated with thousands of elks' horns, heads, rattlesnake rattles and rare specimens of different kinds. Women tourists may be seen at any time visiting this saloon.

While in San Antonio we received invitations from persons who lived in various sections of the United States to be their guests when we reached their homes.

We had a strange experience while in the city. Late one night, as we were leaving the center of town, we were followed by a large, dark-faced man. From his actions it seemed that he meant no good to us. Once he stepped up right behind us, but we wheeled suddenly and faced him, when he slunk into the shadow. There is no doubt but that he had intended to assault us, but saw that we were watching him. There was no sleep for us that night. We both stayed up with a loaded revolver at hand. Don seemed to know intuitively that there was danger. He bristled up his hair and growled and was as restless as we were. However, nothing happened, although our camp had probably been watched with the purpose of taking us unawares. When morning dawned, we sought refreshment in a few hours' sleep.

The morning of our departure, a lot of boys came to see us off. They had great fun with Don, who played as if he were one of them.

That night Dolly followed a farmer's wagon for some distance, and when found she was calmly eating fodder out of the back of the wagon.

Along the Southern Pacific railroad there are a number of German settlements. The houses are built back in the center of the farms, which are

finely cultivated, as the Germans are good workers.

Near Flatonia, a creek had overflowed its banks and covered the road with water. Our progress was very slow and difficult. At last, we came to quite a large body of water, and it appeared to be impossible to walk around it. While I was trying to figure out a way of getting across, Dolly started down the road through the water, leaving us standing on the bank. I let her go her way, thinking that she would follow the road and get out all right, but she went up the creek. Then it was up to me to guide her out. I reached the outfit just in time to save it from being overturned. Dolly and the cart were all tangled up in some debris that had floated down the creek in the drenching rains. After untangling myself from a barbed wire fence, I managed to climb on Dolly's back and take her out of danger.

Meantime, Stella had been looking for a place to cross. She had succeeded in getting her feet wet, but had not made any progress. I came to her assistance, and after tugging with a big log that weighed more than I did, and dragging it a long way, I finally placed it across the stream that separated my wife from me. I then leaned over as far as I could and held out a long pole for her to grasp, so that she might not lose her balance.

When about half across, she began to think about which side would be the best to fall in, and sure enough, in she went. When I had helped her out, we climbed the hill on the other side, and went to a log cabin, asking permission to change our clothes there. The good old negro woman gladly allowed us to do so, and when everything was dry we again set forth.

The wind was cold that night, and the invitation that came from the nearest family to stay at

a house was indeed welcome. For the first time in our lives, we slept between two feather beds. Our hosts were Austrians, and we learned upon inquiry that it is the custom in their country to sleep in winter between feather beds.

In Schulenburg we were directed to the wrong road and had some difficulty getting back into line. Our tent that night was pitched on the land of a German family. Stella went up to the house to see if she could buy some ham, and as the weather was a little cold, the German lady thought my wife was suffering and came running out of the house with a cup of hot coffee. Stella accepted it, and while she was drawing a pail of water, the woman came out again with her apron full of eggs and slipped two of them into Stella's pocket, saying in broken English: "Don't tell fader." Then the little girl came, and acted as interpreter. Stella bought some ham, and she had no more than reached the camp until the little girl came running down with two nice big slices of ham, which she gave to us, saying, "Don't tell fader."

The funniest thing about it was that "fader" had been to our camp and had been just as friendly and generous as the rest of the family, bringing us a basket of hay for the horse.

Our next stopping place was in a beautiful spot, surrounded by woodland with plenty of water near at hand. I cut a lot of wood and made a huge campfire which we sat by until almost twelve o'clock.

Leaving Columbus, we got away from the hills into a flat country, camping near an orange grove. Before reaching Eagle Lake we could see what seemed to be a large city ahead. As we approached, it grew smaller in size. It was a mirage. Beyond the town was a vast cattle region. The great

herds of long horned Texas steers paid little attention to us. They were so thin that they could barely stand. The immense prairies became very monotonous. Here and there could be seen a pool of stagnant water, all that the poor stock had to drink. The grazing, also, was slim. Brown, seared-looking grass was the only food the cattle had.

Rosenburg, Richmond, the Brazos River crossing, and Sugarland were soon left behind. On the way to Stafford a freight train passed us, and the conductor asked if we didn't want to ride.

We replied "no," telling him that if he did not go any faster than he was doing at that time, we should beat him anyhow. He laughed, and the crew waved their hands as the train disappeared in the distance. Some time later, we passed the same freight train at a switch, waiting for a passenger to go by. We turned the laugh on the crew, saying:

"I told you we would beat you if you didn't hurry up."

Soon the train again went by us, then, after making a few more miles, we overtook it, and the situation became really comical. We kept up this passing and re-passing until the men began to think that we were pretty good walkers. Then we grew confident and exerted ourselves to outdo the train, and we finally did reach the next town ahead of it .The towns-people joked the crew until they were mad enough to fight.

Our camp, the next time, was with a grading outfit that was building a shell road from Houston. These roads are characteristic of this part of the country. They are made from shells from the Gulf of Mexico, and form one of the very finest pikes. The boss proved to be an old acquaintance,

from Guthrie, Oklahoma. At Houston we were the guests of a former resident of Oklahoma. We had known him for years. This friend was surrounded with all the luxuries of life. Down at the bayou he had a launch, and at Morgan's Point, on Galveston Bay, was his house boat supplied with everything that goes to make a duck hunt successful. The trip in company with our host was a novel one. Going down to Morgan's Point on the launch, we visited the old battle ground where Santa Anna was killed in the decisive battle between the Texans and the Mexicans. Arriving at the Point, the launch was anchored and we all went fishing. But the duck hunting on Galveston Bay was the most exciting part of the experience. There were great flocks of ducks that had come down from the North for the Winter. Hunters had decoys all along the banks. The decoys were so natural that even our host was deceived. At one time he came very near shooting at some of them, but just in time a man came out of a thicket and waved his hand. Just then we caught sight of a flock of real ducks:

"Now, be still," said he, "there's a large bunch of ducks, and you have to be quiet and not steer the boat too close to them."

He had turned off the power so as not to make any noise, and we were moving slowly through the water, when all at once the flock arose, and when they were about ten feet from the surface of the bay, he shot into them, disabling a couple. We had a hard time to find them, as they are very plucky and even when shot they battle for life to the last. Sometimes they get away, but after a long search we found two ducks that we had killed. Securing another one, from a bunch farther out in the bay, we returned to Houston.

On the way to Beaumont we camped on the banks of a fine stream called Trinity. While I was pitching the tent, I allowed Dolly to graze, and she attempted to run away. I chased her for about a mile and a half before I succeeded in stopping her. Then I gave her a good whipping all the way back. Don was so excited when I whipped her, that I thought he would certainly try to take her part. Don always thinks he must take a hand when anything goes wrong.

The country had now taken on a genuine tropical appearance. The Spanish moss hanging from the trees was beautiful. Along the roadsides was a growing plant that resembled a palm. Magnolia trees were on every hand. It was the month of March, and we compared the balmy air of Southern Texas with that of our own home at that time of the year.

Before reaching Beaumont, we visited the oil fields and became objects of interest to the workmen, who purchased our souvenir cards. Our next camp was infested by two kinds of visitors, of the welcome and the unwelcome sort, the latter being a swarm of mosquitoes. For supper, we had fresh oysters, purchased from a near-by fisherman. A gipsy woman came to see us, bringing a dozen eggs as a present. She referred to the days of her youth, when she had been a wanderer.

Leaving Beaumont, we had much trouble about taking the best road, and after retracing our steps once or twice, we started down through an unsettled part of the country. The ground was soft and boggy, and part of the time there were no wheel prints to guide us. Going over what is called the "corduroy" roads, the cart was nearly broken several times. Corduroy roads are made by placing logs in the mud, so

that vehicles will not sink. Some of the logs had rotted, the wheels got into one rut after another.

The banks of the Neches River are so low that the river seems to be on a level with the shore. On the sand, taking a sun bath, were several tiny alligators. We traveled along the river for many miles and then were ferried over. At the ferry, no one was in sight, at first, but hanging to a tree was a big piece of iron, to be used as a gong for notifying the ferryman, who lived quite a distance from the river. We hit the iron several times, and two women came down the road, and to our amazement, got on to the ferry boat and by main strength pulled it across the river. They seemed surprised to learn that anyone was walking down in that part of the country, and doing it from choice.

Our rest, that night, was broken by the swarms of mosquitoes that annoyed us. We tried taking our tent to another spot, at some distance from the trees, but it was of no avail. The mosquitoes followed us. Not until we reached New Jersey did we see any duplicate of such mosquitoes. When morning came, we were exhausted from loss of sleep, and our foreheads and noses were specked and swollen from the bites.

One of the prettiest sights we witnessed in the south, was the water lilies on the bayous. The flowers springing up from the water were so thick that there appeared to be a solid bed of blossoms.

Tramping and Camping
IN
Dixie Land.

BY DWIGHT H. WOOLF.

IT WAS necessary to go up the Sabine River to West's ferry in order to cross. The ground was soggy and walking rather difficult. The ferry boat was propelled by a small motor boat. I took the picture of Stella with the horse and cart, just ready to leave the landing.

On the Louisiana side, we had to repair an old, broken-down bridge before we could get any where, and then we were mighty lucky that it did not fall in. The same thing happened many times that day.

We now entered the pine forests, passing through our first lumber camp. Vinton, a little town in the heart of the oil section, is only seventeen feet above sea level. On the way to Lake Charles, we were lost, not seeing a single house or person for ten miles, walking all the time through a forest. There was nothing but big pine trees and burnt stumps and burning trees on all sides of us. Finally we came to a little new pine house with a picket fence around it. I knocked at the door and a wrinkled faced old woman peeked cautiously out of a crack and asked what I wanted.

I told her not to be afraid, that I simply wanted to inquire about the roads; that we had gotten lost.

By that time she mustered up courage to say in a high-pitched, squeaky voice:

"Where's you all aimin' to go?"

I replied that we had started to go to St. Charles, but that we had gotten on the wrong road.

She then informed us that we were on the way to De Quincy, a little farther—about four miles—ahead in the pine woods.

When asked what kind of a town it was, she replied:

"Oh, it's just a heap of pine knots and a store or two!" which we found to be the case.

But a branch of the Kansas City Southern railroad running through it livened up the town somewhat and made it seem not quite so far from home.

One of the strange things about this town, and Vinton, also, was the sale of "Near-beer," which was freely distributed to the entire population. Louisiana is a local option—or prohibition—state in sections, but this Near-beer seemed to get near enough, judging from results.

The only sign for the guidance of travelers was in the vicinity of De Quincy. It was "De-Quincy, 4 miles."

Nearly every step that we took, a snake appeared, running out from under our feet. On all sides, we could hear the grass rustling, and if we looked in the direction from which the rustling came, nearly always a snake was wriggling itself out of our way. The reason for this was that we were close to an immense swamp.

A man on horseback came along, and we

asked him how it was that there were so many snakes in that part of the country. He said:

"Where are you all travelin'?"

We told him that we were going to New Orleans.

"Well, if you all are goin' by way of New Orleans, you all haven't seen any snakes yet."

Right then and there we decided to change our route from the low, swampy region, and travel northeastward through the pine forests to Alexandria.

As we were going along the road, when there was not a snake in sight, we could always see the trail of one, in the dust. Seeing a big black-looking one stretched out as if it were dead, I thought it must be lifeless, but just to make sure I stepped on its tail. It was the livest snake I ever saw, suddenly raising its head and darting its tongue out at me. I lost no time giving it all the room it wanted.

Leaving Kinder, we got into the turpentine forests, and for miles and miles we could see where the trees were cut so as to allow the turpentine to drip into little cans that were placed on the trees. Cutting these trees evidently kills them, but not until after the trusts, who own all this vast amount of timber, have gotten more than the worth of the trees from the turpentine they yield. The people who inhabit the region, do not, as a rule, own any of the land; they are, in general, poor and illiterate. Many of them are merely the slaves of the big timber concerns.

The system that the timber trusts employ is to send out men into the country to offer those who own the land a small sum of money, possibly about two dollars or two dollars and fifty cents an acre. There being no chance for the people to

handle the property, they sell at the trusts' own price. After the concerns buy up a lot of land in one vicinity they build a railroad to transport the timber to the mills. These railroads are constructed of light weight rails, and are narrow. They are termed "tram" roads. We saw many abandoned tram roads, as we walked through the immense forests.

On one occasion, we came upon a poor family, "movin' from up on the tram," down into the rice fields. The family consisted of a young man and his wife, with their rapidly increasing progeny, and the old grandmother, who was seated high up on a wagon load of house hold belongings, holding one of the youngest children in her arms. The others were pedestrians from necessity, as the wagon was too heavily laden for them to ride. The load was entirely too heavy for the two small, young oxen which were drawing it. I asked the driver if he did not think it too much for the team, and he replied:

"No, they could carry a thousand pounds."

As there was no humane officer to dispute his right to overburden his poor beasts, we decided to let a bad matter alone.

I asked the old woman on the wagon if she would get down and let me take her photograph, but she at first objected, saying that she would have to have "two-bits" for her picture. When I said that would be all right, she said: "Oh, I wuz jest a foolin'," then she stood up with the others and I took their picture.

I learned from the young man that these poor people had been made the victims of the timber trust. They had been persuaded to sell their land, and having spent the pittance received from

the sale, they were now forced to emigrate to the rice fields in search of work.

Those who have been defrauded of their land become angry because of their treatment, and are constantly setting fire to the vast forests, thereby keeping a beautiful green grass that always grows where the dead grass has been burned off. The southern woods are beautiful, with their long leaf pines, part of them burning, some burned to the ground, and others still standing. The ground has a solid green coating.

We were several weeks going through this lumber region. At night, when we camped, we burned pine knots, which blazed up and made a brilliant fire which we could not put out. We never had any difficulty starting a fire with which to cook, when we were walking through the pine forests, even after a soaking rain. It was necessary, during this part of the journey, to keep on the lookout for burning trees that were ready to fall.

On one occasion, as we walked along in a leisurely manner, trying to avoid stumps, we heard behind us a terrific crash, which caused Dolly to jump and start to run, almost tipping over the cart. Looking around to learn the reason of the noise, we saw a huge tree, fully one hundred and fifty feet high, lying directly across the road we had just traversed. We had escaped, almost by a miracle, from being crushed. Many fine trees were burned at the bottom, and were ready to fall When the fire once gets started, it does not stop until the tree is burned to the ground. There is so much pitch in the pine that even the green ones burn.

Realizing that if Dolly once got away from us in these forests, we should never be able to find her, we made it a rule to lariet her close to the tent

every night. As there are very few people to be seen, and no square turns in the roads, we, ourselves, lost the way about once a day. All a traveler can do is to follow as nearly as he can the winding path that appears to be the main road. Often times, we continued walking when we believed we were going in the wrong direction, until we came to a house, then if the people could understand English —they were usually French—asked them where we were. Once the cart wheel broke, and I fixed it as best I could, proceeding slowly until we reached a house. Although the man of the family could not understand our language, he saw our plight, and started off to the woods with an axe. He returned with two small, stout branches, which he cut the diameter of the wheel, and placed between the spokes, thus strengthing them. When I offered him money, he waved it away, uttering some words that were unintelligible to me. We then showed him a newspaper which contained our pictures and a story of our trip, and gave him a set of post cards, with which he seemed to be delighted. These French people had complexions that were almost of a copper color. The women and children all went barefooted, and wore huge earrings. One of the girls offered Stella a baked sweet potato. The young woman at first brought it out in her hand, but upon a word of reproof from her mother, returned to the kitchen and brought back the potato on a fork. She did not offer me any, but Stella said that it was certainly cooked to a queen's taste, and was as sweet as honey.

The wheel that the Frenchman had fixed was now as strong as new, although it did not look so well, and we used it until we reached Natchez, Mississippi, where we were told that the "walking spokes" were a very common thing, and were

often resorted to by farmers of the country, as blacksmith shops were few and far between

At Pine Prairie—the next little town—I discovered that we had gone a great distance out of our way. I stopped to get a shave. The only person who did any shaving was a man who ran the general merchandise store. He made a barber's chair out of a dry goods box, and it was a comical sight, but not so bad looking as I, for I had not had a shave for almost a week. It was a serious operation. He had a razor that had evidently been used as a household necessity, and it snagged my whiskers out, instead of cutting them. Every once in a while he turned to me and asked if he were hurting me.

"No, go ahead," I replied, "it's all right," but nevertheless I was glad to get out of that chair.

After my release, I purchased a dozen eggs from him, but he certainly did not know that chickens were worth more than eggs, for out of the dozen I got exactly five little chicks, which, however, were dead.

We had the good fortune to strike the trail of an automobile full of people who had come down from Alexandria that day to auction off the merchandise of a store that had gone into bankruptcy, hence we could be certain of the road for many a mile.

On the way to Alexandria, Don thought he was going to be able to do something to pay his share of the expenses. Hearing a pig squealing, we looked in the direction from which the sounds came and saw Don running toward us with something in his mouth. We exclaimed, "Don has a rabbit!" but when he got closer, we found that he had a little pig. Of course, he got a whipping for

"Walking Woolfs" on the last lap of their 8,000 mile walk, passing the Old Slave Market in St. Louis.

this, for if the natives had learned of what he had done, it would have cost his life, and made trouble for us.

Don had worn himself out, all along the way, chasing rabbits, but he had never succeeded in catching one. But he found the game in Louisiana just the right size and gait, and he had chosen the smallest one of the litter. As the dog dropped the pig at our feet, it was just breathing its last. Don's eyes gleamed with pride in what he no doubt thought to be a great achievement. From that time on we kept him—by the aid of a hickory stick— from chasing any more pigs.

In Louisiana it is the custom for farmers to brand their hogs and sheep and allow them to run loose in the woods and fatten on the nuts that fall to the ground in the fall. The animals are herded together and every farmer picks out his own according to the brand. No one is supposed to be dishonest, and if reports be true, anyone caught stealing another's stock is pretty roughly dealt with, and not exactly according to law. For which we deemed it wise to be careful that Don be prevented from repeating his little escapade. We thereafter called our faithful dog a "pig-hound."

It was interesting to notice the gradual changes in the customs as we traveled from one section to another. A house that is characteristic of the part of the state through which we were going, is built with a long roof, protruding so as to form a covering for a porch, or gallery. The majority of these houses have flap doors and no window-panes. The buildings are not painted, and each one, no matter how small it may be, is provided with a wide porch and a fire-place or two. There is usually a good-sized hallway between the rooms, affording a draught, which makes the house cool

in summer. The floors seldom have carpets, and are scrubbed clean and white, and, being at least two feet above the ground, are dry and sanitary.

While camping beyond LeCompte, we were visited by a great many persons, who seemed to enjoy sitting around our fire. An old negro, who had been a slave, related stories regarding the customs of his younger days. Le Compte was one of the oldest slave markets. The negro said that once he thought he would like to travel a little, and that he had gone as far as the Mississippi River, when he saw a big, dark house on a hill. Then he heard a voice saying, "fresh meat!" Again, he heard the sound, "fresh meat! fresh nigger meat!" He was very much frightened, but did not attempt to run when he saw someone coming toward him. He knew that there would be no use in that. They asked him what he was doing in that part of the country, and he said: "I was just looking for a job." The other fellow said: "You can't get it here."

They began to talk among themselves, about a big iron pot and fresh meat, and he said that although he had not called any one "marster," since slavery days, he got down on his knees and called that man "marster," and told him that he didn't mean any harm; that he had been looking for work, but that if they would let him go, he would never come back.

When released, he ran as fast as possible without looking back. The old man also told of a place about ten miles from Le Compte. The town is called Ten Mile, and is inhabited by a class of people that is not composed of white folks nor of negroes, but a sort of Red Bone variety, a mixed breed. It is said that anyone who is either all white or all black is not allowed to go there, nor

to live in the vicinity. Those who have tried to do so have never been heard of since.

After being entertained pleasantly in Alexandria, we started to Natchez. Many people have been lost in the swamps between the two cities, so we decided to avoid the road leading through boggy ground. On the way to White Sulphur Springs, we had much trouble determining which was the right road, and were compelled to retrace our steps.

White Sulphur Springs is a health resort situated in a beautiful spot. At Jena the natives were afraid of us at first, but were finally induced to come to our cart. We soon found ourselves in low lands where pigs and other stock annoyed us while camping. Don was kept busy chasing the hogs away from Dolly's feed pan. Marks on the trees showed that the ground must have been covered with water, fully ten feet, at times. There are no bridges across the streams. We crossed so many that it no longer seemed a hardship to pay the charges, which were probably heavier because of our not being residents of that section of the country. At last a ferryman told us that the law of the state did not permit a charge of more than twenty-five cents, in Louisiana. The next time an attempt was made to take advantage of us, I remarked that there must be some mistake; that the regular price was twenty-five cents. Then the ferryman said: "Well, I guess that will be all right."

Protected by a high dyke, built to keep the water from overflowing the big plantations, we walked to Jonesville, regardless of the fact that it was raining.

Plantation owners build little houses for the negroes who work for them. The negroes receive

very small wages, and are really in a worse condition than during slavery days.

The number of hounds kept at these places was surprising. On many occasions the dogs started from the house as soon as we came in sight. They kept up a continuous baying until they reached us, but when I hit them over the head with my stick they ran back to the house singing their song all the while.

It was noticeable that the horses and cattle throughout the South, were thin and starved-looking. Along the dyke they ate the grass down as fast as it appeared, yet their ribs could be easily counted.

There was a tendency to ask too much for what we were compelled to purchase in the country stores. At one place, I overheard the wife of the proprietor telling her husband to put up the price, as they would never see us anymore. For this reason, we did not stock up until we reached Trinity, where the kind proprietor of a big warehouse invited us to camp under it's shelter. Soon, he came out with a little French drip coffee-pot and two cups of hot, steaming coffee. Our new acquaintance showed us many attentions that were greatly appreciated. The large warehouse was conducted by what is known as a Farmers' Union. The farmers in the vicinity bring their products there to be stored until a reasonable price can be obtained for them. Credit is good, and in case of a bad crop there is no suffering nor lack of the necessities of life, which are all obtained at wholesale price. Goods are purchased in New Orleans and conveyed to destination by steamer. At twelve o'clock when we were sleeping soundly, a huge steamer came in with a consignment of merchandise. The whistle soon awakened us.

The sun came out the following day, and our clothes and bedding were dried. I cooked a nice, hot dinner on the small stove that had been loaned us for use in the warehouse, and we resumed our travels.

For many miles, the road to Natchez wound through the woods. All through the state of Louisiana, we saw poor white folks and negroes who were so ignorant that they could barely give us directions as to what road to take.

From Vidalia, Louisiana, to Natchez, we walked, crossing the Mississippi River by steam ferry. Natchez was once a thriving city, but the boll weevil caused the cotton crops to become such a failure that the commerce of the place was seriously injured, as cotton was the chief product of the vicinity. The insect first appeared in Texas, but moved eastward.

While we were selling souvenirs on the streets, a man who wanted to have a little sport asked Stella why she didn't tie a cup on the dog, as she might be able to take in more money in that way. She replied that she had thought some of doing that, but that now she would prefer tying the cup to his—the man's neck, as our dog was too good, and had a human face. The crowd gave the would-be wit the laugh, and he was hard to find in the town, after that—at least during our stay.

We were entertained by some people who had drifted down the Mississippi River from Illinois, years ago, in a house boat. A number of families in the neighborhood of our camp baked biscuits on the morning of our departure, and presented them to us, nearly filling the compartment of our cart. As all were excellent, we did not venture to pass judgment by showing any preferences.

From the high hill on the Mississippi side a fine view is obtained of the low lands in Louisiana.

Our route now led us up one hill and down another, which was pretty hard on Dolly. The scenery was beautiful. The negroes had a very different way of tilling the soil from that which is employed in the North. Instead of using two horses and a riding plow, they used a mule and a single plow. The soil was of a light color, and did not seem to be very productive, yet the cotton crops are good.

The next camping spot was a fine one, situated near a spring of cold water. A negro who came to see us asked if we had ever seen the cane brakes, where run-away negroes used to hide during slavery days. Of course we had not seen one, so he took us to a cane brake near by. It was a strange looking place, the cane growing to all sizes and heights.

Near Martin were many ox teams hauling loads of logs. Sometimes, ten oxen were hitched to one load. The hauling of these logs makes the roads almost impassable in places, because of the weight pressing the wheels down into the mud and making deep ruts.

We camped one night on the land of some colored folks. They were so elated by the fact that they told all the negroes in the neighborhood, that there were some people camping on their place who had made a long walk. Before supper was over, a number of colored women came, wanting to see Stella. It was dark, and they were afraid that if they did not get a look at her that night, we might be gone in the morning, so one of them secured a box of matches and by striking a light succeeded in throwing a glare on Stella's face. One woman said: "Ain't she pur-ty," and another answered: "She shore is." A third, thinking that it was up to her to say something, came in

with the remark: "She shore is a cute little trick." It was all very amusing to us.

At Carpenter a lot of girls were standing on the platform of the depot. They laughed at the size of Stella's shoes, but if any one of the girls had tried to walk a few miles, it would have taken all the giggle out of her.

On a farm that we saw, a negro woman did all the work, although a white man owned the place. She plowed and tilled the land just as a man would do it, but in the evening she expressed great sympathy for my wife, saying:

"Say, mistah, why does yo' carry yo' wife way down heah?"

I told her that I did not carry my wife; that she was too heavy for me to carry. She said:

"Go on, man, I don't mean tote, what I means is yo' is de cause ob her gwine."

Another time, when I was helping Stella to do the washing, a colored woman who saw us, exclaimed:

"If I ever gits a man, I won't wo'k him so hard!"

Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, presented a beautiful appearance. Everything was clothed in green. We camped on the old capital ground, which is now deserted.

Once, while walking in the direction of Meridian, we asked a colored boy about nineteen years of age what road to take. He directed us very intelligently, and then, to our amazement, we saw that he was blind. He said that he had been blind all of his life, nevertheless he could tell every turn in the road, and point out objects—houses and hills—in the neighborhood.

The roads grew steadily worse. We passed a saw-mill, and the men all came out to see us go by.

They asked us how we liked Mississippi roads. But we in turn asked them if the roads had been worked since George Washington came down and worked them. Indeed, the roads were so bad that it was not only dangerous for Dolly, but for us. In spots where big logs had been used, they were rotted out here and there, and good-sized rivers ran in between. Every time the cart dropped into a hole, we expected to see it go to smash. Dolly went along admirably, stepping in and out of the ruts, while we almost held our breath. Sometimes all of us had to wade through water. We decided that we had seen the two extremes the finest and the worst roads in the world.

Meridian is the last town before entering Alabama. The crowd on the streets wanted Don to perform, and to please the people I tried to make him do some tricks. A photographer took his picture during the process.

Our first day in Alabama was a memorable one because of the delicious strawberry short-cake that we made. It was baked over our campfire. The negroes were picking the fruit and it was being shipped north by the car load. We purchased a lot of ripe berries for a low price, as those sent away must be a little green in order that they may not spoil. The soil in this part of Alabama is very productive, and one can live comfortably on very little money. Land sells for about twenty dollars per acre. Having passed through Cuba and York, we arrived at Livingston, where a reporter for the Age-Herald, a Birmingham daily paper, met us. As a general thing, the newspaper men ask sensible questions, but in this instance, we were inclined to resent the inference that we sometimes rode on the cart. As a matter of fact that would have been impossible, from its construction. However,

"Walking Woolfs" arriving in Meridian, Miss., giving the people a chance to see Don perform.

I finally persuaded the reporter that we were taking a walking trip, and not a ride.

The next day's travel was over a new pike, with large stones that had not yet been crushed down. The Tombigbee River was almost out of its banks. The ferry, which was probably bad enough when the river was in its normal state, was considered impassable when we reached the place. It took several men to get us to the other side, but we were determined not to stay in the swamp. Many of the farms had been deserted on account of floods. In Jackson, Mississippi, we heard of a family that had left Louisiana because of the unhealthful climate, and was moving to Virginia. As we were going along at a pretty good gait, we saw two wagons coming up the road, and a man called out:

"You're the man and woman I've been looking for a long time! I've heard of you all the way along!"

A crowd collected. The man talked without hesitation, telling them that we were not fakes, that we really did walk, that he had been told by people all along the route that we had never been seen doing anything else but walking. From that time on we heard of the travelers from different persons, until they reached Virginia.

The coal mining district of Alabama came next. As we left camp at Yolande, we had much trouble getting down a steep embankment. I asked Stella to hold Don, who always thinks he is going to do some good by barking at the horse when there is any difficulty. The wheels of the cart were old and shaky. I saw that there was going to be an accident, but could do nothing to avert it. The cart went over, throwing Dolly on her side. Stella was using all her strength to

hold the dog, but she finally turned him loose, and he jumped on Dolly, whom I was forcing to lie down so that she would not hurt herself. Don threw his paws around her legs and held on tightly, biting her on the legs, and growling and barking. I was afraid that he would get us into serious trouble. At last, Stella managed to get hold of him and tie him to a tree, and we got Dolly up from her cramped position. Dolly is without doubt the smartest horse in the world, for she did not attempt to kick or run away, but just lay there on the ground, seeming to know that something awful had happened. Stella was so frightened that she did not know where to begin to unharness the horse, so I asked her to hold Dolly's head, so that I could get the harness off. It is really surprising, how I worked around the horse, lifting her legs and rolling her around, and she did not attempt to keep me from it. When finally released, she jumped up seeming not to be hurt in any way. With the assistance of two men who came to aid us, we righted the cart and spliced the shafts, so that they lasted until we reached Bessemer.

All this time Don was choking himself in the effort to break loose and mix up in the affair.

At Birmingham, we camped on a vacant lot in the center of the city, and soon the whole space was covered with people. The representative of a feed company presented us with a large sack of feed for Dolly. She noticed when it was placed upon the top of the cart, and evidently she knew what it was, for she kept looking around to see if it was still there.

After getting on the wrong road again, and going back, we managed to reach Springville, in sight of the Cahawba Mountains.

Following the main road to Atlanta, we noticed

a decided difference between the people of the small towns and those who lived in cities. Those who had been brought up in villages were not so broad-minded as the others, and were inclined to think that we were fakes. On account of this peculiarity of the little towns, we at first decided not to go through Centre, but were obliged to change our minds because our supply of provisions needed replenishing. However, we were agreeably surprised, for as we approached, there was a great crowd on the street, and posted on a bill board in big letters were the words:

"The Walking Woolfs will arrive at Centre at 4:15". A wide awake newspaper had given the notice. Meeting the people of the little town was just like going home, for they did everything possible to make it pleasant for us. Our camp in the middle of the village was surrounded by a crowd, and some of the boys secured a gas lamp, which they hung to a tree, and we told jokes around the campfire, and I played old, familiar tunes on the violin, and everybody joined in singing the songs. Some of the younger folks sang, "The Longest Way Around is the Sweetest Way Home."

Entering Georgia the next day we camped in one of the most beautiful spots that could be imagined. It was near a large spring, that sent out a stream fully ten feet wide. The place is known as Cave Springs.

A teacher from an institution for the deaf and dumb came over and requested permission to bring the pupils of his school to see us. They came, and surprised us with their ability to understand what was going on. Their teacher explained to them who we were and what we were doing, and they made up for deficiency in hearing and speech by using their eyes to good advantage.

Passing through Rome and Kingston, we arrived at Cartersville, the old home of the evangelist, Sam Jones. In the vicinity of Kennesaw and Marietta we met several fake walkers. It seems that anyone who states that he is walking on a wager meets with respect in this country. We had no more than entered Kennesaw than an old man approached us, asking what we were doing. I replied that we were making an eight thousand mile walk. "On a wager?" he inquired. "No," said I. "Oh, you're just traveling, then!" We did not take the time to argue with him, but went on to Marietta, where the community also lost interest in us when it was ascertained that we were walking for our health, and not for money.

Beyond Marietta, the City of Atlanta came into view. We were then crossing a portion of the Appalachian system of mountains. I noticed a bright substance in the dirt. Upon inquiry, I found that it was isinglass, and that there was a factory situated at the base of one of the mountains. We got into Atlanta at 9 o'clock. It is one of the most energetic, wide awake, hustling cities in the United States. The newspapers had us photographed from every angle and devoted much space to accounts of our travels. We ordered a pair of wheels from Kansas City.

One of the strange things that always happens in the cities is that some small boy takes a fancy to our mode of living and wants to go along. This happened in Atlanta. As we left the place, two young ladies insisted on walking with us for a time. They were at a great disadvantage, having high heeled shoes and unsuitable clothing. This was the first time that any woman had had the nerve to attempt to walk with us.

The road that we now took had been called

"the National Highway" by the New York Herald and the Atlanta Journal, but after about ten miles it degenerated into a common dirt road, except in places where certain counties had taken it upon themselves to make it a pike.

Walking through Norcross and Auburn, we stopped for the noon luncheon. Among the crowd was a little boy who saw me eating peanuts. I asked him if there was anything that I could do for him. He replied that he would like to have some of those "gubers." I did not understand what he meant by "gubers", but soon found out that it was peanuts.

After going through a number of very friendly small towns, we crossed the Tugaloo River on an old bridge, built in 1846 by the slaves.

It is one of the few bridges that was not burned down in war times. There were initials and other marks made upon the wood before the Civil War. In this section, convict labor is used for improving the roads. It seemed to be the custom in the rural districts for the girls and women to work in the fields. A little girl confided to us that she longed to travel all over the world on foot; that she did not want to spend her life in one spot, hoeing potatoes and plowing corn.

Before reaching Anderson we were informed that the town possessed the largest sheriff in the world. Someone told him that we wished to see him and he came down to our camp. As we stood beside him to be photographed, the contrast in our height was comical. He is seven feet tall, and weighs four hundred and twenty-five pounds.

The soil in the part of the country through which we were now walking is odd-looking, but exceedingly productive. Another thing that we noticed in Georgia was that more white people were

tilling the soil than in the states of Mississippi and Alabama.

In the rolling lands the ground is plowed in the form of a circle to keep the water from washing the earth away. Natural, winding roads lead up through the hills, and the scenery is very fine. Land sells for about one hundred dollars per acre.

We had seen cotton planted—in Oklahoma and Texas—and harvested. It was interesting, now, to see the cotton mills. One cannot but feel deep sympathy for the little children and poor, faded-cheeked people who spend their lives in the mills, commencing to work when very young, and never knowing anything else as long as they live.

Stella talked with a group of young girls, whom she met outside of one of these mills, during their brief luncheon hour, and she said that every one of the group chewed tobacco the same as the men. They told her that it was necessary on account of the lint and dust which they were constantly breathing while at work. The hours were from six to six, with Saturday afternoons off, and the wages ranged from seventy-five cents to one dollar per day for common labor, and higher wages for weavers and other experts, according to their ability.

Some of the towns through which we passed were far behind the times in many ways. Sometimes, girls or women laughed at Stella's masculine shoes, or her dress. They did not seem to understand that a woman who has the nerve to start out on an eight thousand mile walk, must, of necessity dress comfortably and appropriately for the journey.

It is to be hoped that the National Highway, which is in course of construction, will be the means of educating the inhabitants of the two Carolinas.

In Gaffney, South Carolina, we met two very pleasant and intelligent couples. One of the wives, who worked in a mill, had sustained a frightful accident a few years ago. Her hair had gotten tangled in the machinery and one whole side of the scalp had been torn off. The terrible wound still showed, although the hair from the other side had been combed over so as to conceal the injury as far as possible.

Convict camps are a common sight in the country districts. Talking with two white prisoners, who seemed to be free to go where they pleased while at work, we were informed by one of them that he "got in for killin' a nigger." His sentence was a five year one, but he was practically free, although compelled to wear the stripes. The fact came out afterward, that the man had killed the negro in cold blood, shooting him down because he had refused to bring the white ruffian a drink.

Blacksburg, a small town on the route, had become so religious that there was not even a drug store open nor anyone to be seen at his home or on the streets, on Sunday. Stella tried to get a drink from the town pump, but it was not working either.

That night we camped close to Kings Mountain, where George Washington fought a decisive battle during the Revolutionary War.

The Blue Ridge Mountains were in sight. The air was delightful and the scenery beautiful. I accidently dropped my faithful walking stick in a well, which had been given me by a friend in Georgia. I regretted it, as it was what I used to defend Don with when other dogs ran after him. However, the owner of the well afterward got the stick out and sent it to me at Richmond, Virginia,

with an inscription of his name and the date on which I had lost it.

The weather was getting warm, so we decided to change our rule, and rise at four o'clock and pack our outfit and walk until about nine-thirty o'clock, and when the sun came out good and hot, hunt for a shady spot by some nice little brook, and rest for three or four hours. We followed the plan until we left Virginia. The hours of rest were beneficial to all, including Dolly and Don.

Near Charlotte, North Carolina, we stopped and borrowed some tubs and washed our clothes. It was a matter of great pride to us that we always kept ourselves clean, although it was impossible to keep our clothes from becoming faded.

Our reception at Newell was a most pleasant one. Most of the villages in the Carolinas were very slow. Civilization was backward. The people were poor. The majority of them were hands and earned only about seventy-five cents or one dollar per day. The houses in which they live are usually owned by the mill corporations, and the hands are charged seventy-five cents a room per month for rental. The children begin to work at thirteen years of age. They are scarcely able to read or write, and often grow up in ignorance.

The soil is of a reddish color, and when it gets into the clothes it is hard to get it out. Excellent camping spots are plentiful, as there are lots of trees, hills and small brooks. The air is invigorating, but we noticed that windows in almost every house were tightly closed. This was not confined to one town but was the case everywhere.

At High Point and Greensboro we met interesting people. Leaving the latter town, we took the Danville road. It was a pike for a short distance out of the village. The county had been

"Walking Woolfs" photographed while in Anderson, South Carolina, with Mr. King, the largest sheriff in the world.

awarded a prize for having the best road in the state.

In Danville, Virginia, a man whom we had seen in Wichita, Kansas, then in Oklahoma City, came up to talk to us.

In order to avoid the boggy roads, we decided to go by way of Lynchburg, on the automobile thoroughfare, which we did for a day, then we turned toward Chatham, and branched off to the East. In places along the roads, the water was knee deep.

There was a strange, loud noise coming from the trees in all directions. It turned out that the sound was made by seventeen-year locusts, who were making their periodical visit. It appears that they go into the ground and remain for seventeen years and then again come forth, shedding their skins, many of which were lying on the ground.

We had been traveling where the southern accent was strong. But the dialect was now beginning to change, and the accent was growing very pretty. A peculiar circumstance was that we often found ourselves thoughtlessly adopting the manner of speaking that was customary where we happened to be.

The country from Danville to Richmond was sparsely settled. With the permission of a gentleman who had read of our trip in the Danville Bee, we camped on his place near a fine spring. The water was clear, cold and sparkling and we drank until our thirst was fully satisfied. A person who lives in the city can only dream of such luxury. The families which we came in contact with were the very essence of friendliness.

In the far South, the wells were large and open, with windlasses. In Virginia were drilled wells encased in boxing, and the water was drawn

in a long, slim bucket. Another style of old well was the kind that has a sweep, or long pole with a weight attached. Many times did we think of the song,"The Old Oaken Bucket," as we drew forth from a deep, old-fashioned well the moss covered bucket and refreshed ourselves therefrom, tipping it over so that we could drink out of the side, and spurning such a thing as a cup. Forgetting our past life in the city, with its artificial existence, we leaned over the side of the well and looked down at the glassy depths and saw our reflection in the water. And we breathed a prayer of thankfulness to the Almighty Power, the Maker of all natural life and beauty, that we had escaped from the thralldom of monotony and had gotten out with nature and gained a little knowledge of her lessons.

In Eastern Virginia I noticed that the manner of speech differed somewhat from that to which we had become accustomed in other parts of the state. The next town was what I should have called Charlotte. I asked a gentleman whom we met the name of the place. He said: "Charlotte Cou't Ouse?" I afterward noted that was the usual way of referring to county seat towns.

At Hampton-Sidney College we had the pleasure of meeting the most intelligent lot of boys that we had seen on the trip. Although they were bent on having as much fun as possible out of us, we soon made friends with them. I gave a little concert, and played the highest class of music, which was appreciated by the boys. A crowd of them walked to Farmville with us. The young man who walked with Stella got red in the face, and had to take off his coat, as we were going at a pretty stiff gait.

From Farmville, our route lay along a minia-

ture railroad track, but we soon learned that it was merely a narrow guage line that was so constructed as to support full grown locomotives. On the side of the cars were the words: "Tidewater and Western." It reminded me of the book, "A Slow Train Through Arkansas," or "Through Missouri on a Mule." Then I thought of our own primative method of locomotion.

After all, happiness does not lie in an advanced state of civilization, as that word is understood by the majority of persons. Luxury is not really conducive to happiness, but the simple life, the wild forest with air laden with sweet perfume, the running brook, and the companionship of one whom we love do constitute real happiness.

Going through Cumberland, we arrived at Richmond by way of Manchester. Richmond is filled with historic interest. We were photographed in front of General Robert E. Lee's old home, which is next to the post-office. The famous Southern General maintained a place of residence in the house from 1861 to 1865 . It is now used by the Virginia Historical Society, as a museum for relics of the Civil War. We were also photographed in front of Jefferson Davis' old home, known as the White House of the Confederacy. That building, also, is now used as a museum. We visited the place where George Washington had established headquarters during the Revolutionary War. The structure was low-ceilinged and small. The guide was very entertaining. He pointed out everything of interest.

"This is the room that was occupied by George Washington, and this one was occupied by LaFayette," he said, indicating two apartments, one opposite the other. Pulling off a handful of plaster and handing it to Stella, the caretaker said:

"This is a souvenir from the library wall of La Fayette. Just notice how they made plaster in those days. It has stuck tight all these years, but no wonder, for they put real wool in it." He pulled out some shreds of wool to prove his statement. He told us the history of the building, which was the oldest one in Richmond. It had escaped the ravages of the Civil War. The house was the one in which Washington and La Fayette held conference before the fall of Yorktown.

As we stood there, casting our eyes over the quaint old building and its surroundings, our minds wandered back to the days when George Washington lived. In those days people lived pure, simple, natural lives. Their houses were built for comfort, not style. In the main room was an open fire, piled high with blazing logs, sending out good cheer. The stalwart, brave men of those days were made rugged by the way they lived. Instead of getting on a street car to ride two or three blocks, they walked and exercised their muscles. Perhaps it was a fortunate thing for them that such things as street cars were unknown, and that journeys were made in wagons or stage coaches, in which they could breathe the pure air.

It is a wonderful thing for the health when ones meals are cooked in the open, over a campfire; when one lies down at night to sleep upon a bed of boughs under a clear sky. There would be no fear of germs—in fact, they would become practically unknown—if the present generation would eat wholesome food, breathe plenty of fresh air and take proper exercise. And what a multitude of doctors, healers and dispensers of drugs would have to go out of business!

We took a picture of the building with the interesting old gentleman standing in the doorway with an ancient musket across his arm.

Don knows that the cart belongs to us, and while we were in Richmond, it was put in a livery stable. After it had been placed in an elevator and taken up on the second floor, and Dolly had been cared for, in her stall, Don ran back up the stairs to see if Dolly was all right. He came down, jumping and twisting himself around, satisfied that everything was as it should be. He seemed to consider himself the overseer of all of us. The next morning, when we arrived at the stable, he commenced to sniff around for the cart, looking every imaginable place. He had been watching Dolly the day before, and had not noticed that the cart, also, had been put away on the floor above. Not being able to find our belongings, he sat down on his haunches, the very picture of despair. Just then, he glanced up and saw the cart descending slowly on the elevator. His eyes brightened; his ears stood up, and then he leaped into the air and jumped on the elevator beside the cart, barking like mad and cutting every caper known to a dog.

Neither Don nor Dolly like the crowds that surround us on the streets. Don curls himself up like a ball, so that his tail can hardly be distinguished from his head, and the people usually step on him as they go around the cart. Then he springs up and snaps at their feet, whining and crying, but he never really bites anyone. Don always begins to sit up and whine when he gets into a city. Dolly does not particularly enjoy being poked in the ribs by mischievous boys, and she, too, is usually on the defensive. She never fails to nip at some one as folks pass her. When she became too clever at her new art, we had to put a

muzzle on her when we entered a city. But it is almost as bad as a parent teasing his child then whipping it for its actions afterward.

We left Richmond on what is known as the Old Telegraph Road, leading to Alexandria, Virginia, where we crossed the Potomac River and entered Washington. We camped that night, at an ideal spot seven miles from Richmond. When supper was over, a voice came out of the darkness, saying:

"Would you'se, please ma'am, give me a match?"

Stella was very much startled, and stepped back into the tent. Don rushed out fiercely, growling at the visitor. Holding the dog by the collar, I approached the man and gave him some matches. He then asked for a drink of water, saying:

"Hold that dog, mister, I don't want him to jump on me."

I saw at a glance that he was a tramp, and not being able to determine on such short acquaintance whether or not he was harmless, I refused his next request by an evasive answer. He had asked to be allowed to sleep in an old shed near by. By this time the storm was upon us, and as the tramp turned to walk away, saying, "All right, I don't wish to discommode you," I saw that he was lame. But it was too late to recall him, as he quickly disappeared, but my selfish act of fear caused a chill to settle in my heart. I could not dispel the feeling that I had for committing such an act of cruelty, in not giving the poor creature the permission for which he had asked.

To make the situation all the more wierd, a frightful electrical storm tore loose from the heav-

ens. It seemed as if the whole universe was ablaze with fire. The wind was a gale, and notwithstanding the fact that we held the tent with all our strength, it broke from our grasp and left us in a drenching rain. Groping close to the ground with our blankets wound around us, we finally reached the shed, the shelter that we had denied the poor tramp.

It was several hours before we could rescue our tent and set it up again. The cots and blankets were soaked, and there was no sleep for us that night. But from that time, I vowed that when ever I had a chance to help a fellow being I would do so.

This incident brought to my mind most vividly the idea that humanity has been in a rut since the earliest ages. What a small amount of real fellowship there is in this big, selfish world! What distrust of our fellow man! What lack of intuitive power to read human nature! All animal life seems to prey, the one against the other—the strong against the weak. Yet, back of it all, there is the guiding power of love, charity and compassion, if mankind would only develop it more fully.

The day after the storm, we had our first fried chicken—and it brought to mind what had often been jokingly said to us :

"Well, I don't suppose it costs you much for your eating?"

Of course, it would have been unwise to resent the insinuations. But one day I had a good chance to get it back at a groceryman. I went into his store to buy a peck of potatoes. In an off hand manner, he remarked, slyly winking at a bystander:

"What's the matter? Are potatoes scarce along the road?"

I waited a moment so as to let everyone get

through laughing at the witty grocer's words, then clearly responded:

"There are plenty of potatoes along the road, but I haven't any grocery store in which to peddle them."

A couple of days after the incident of meeting the tramp, we were taking our noonday nap. We were lying on our cots, stretched out under a shady tree by the roadside. The noise of footsteps and voices awakened us. A familiar voice said:

"There they are! That's those people I read about in the Richmond paper who are taking that long walk."

Rousing ourselves, we saw the tramp who had frightened us a few nights before. This time he had three associates with him, a tall, lanky Irishman and two younger boys who did not look the part that they were filling. They did not attempt to stop and talk with us, but merely nodded their heads and said "Howdy-do." That same afternoon, we passed them in a little town, and fearing that the residents of the place might think that we belonged to their party, we hurried by them as fast as possible, getting several miles in advance of them. As darkness came on, we decided not to risk camping alone, so obtained permission to pitch our tent on a farm, close to the house. We had just gotten ourselves straightened around, when here the tramps came, along the road, the tall Irishman singing a noisy ballad at the top of his voice, and the two young recruits pelting each other with apples, which they had evidently taken from some unsuspecting farmer's orchard. They again spoke to us, but did not attempt to stop.

Eight months from the day we left home, we arrived in Fredericksburg, Virginia. During the entire trip, we had not seen a town that was so

"Walking Woolfs" photographed in front of Gen. Robert E. Lee's old home in Richmond, Va.

quaint and old-fashioned as was Fredericksburg. The houses wear a stern, austere appearance, like that of a prim schoolma'am; their plain, two-story walls of brick; the numerous windows with their many panes of glass; the little door step in front, and the wide chimneys, all made me think of the days that are no more. Again I thought of our forefathers—of the simplicity of their lives; of the grand, lofty object of liberty that inspired their valorous deeds. I thought of the time when graft was unknown and fidelity and honesty were the ruling principles.

We visited the house that was once the home of the mother of George Washington. It seemed almost sacrilegious to enter the house dedicated to her memory.

Happening into a barber shop, I saw two men playing checkers. It is one of my favorite games, and not being able to see a game in progress, without taking a hand, myself, I ventured to ask the winner to play with me. A bystander gave me a contemptuous look, as if to say: "Who are you?" and then remarked:

"Well, stranger, you don't know who you are tackling. That fellow is the champion of Fredericksburg."

"All right," I said, "he won't have much to do to beat me."

The first two games were mine. But I had not counted on the tactics that he would employ in the third game. He knew that he was losing his championship and evidently did not like the murmur that was going around the room, as he was steadily losing. So he commenced to try to take my attention from the game by saying, "There's no doubt about it, a man that travels

around over the country like you do is sure to broaden his mind."

He continued to make similar remarks during the entire game. Finally, I refused to answer him, and kept my lips tightly closed and my eyes on the checker-board. But he had distracted my attention to such an extent that he won the third game. However, on the one that followed, I took my time in moving, studying them closely before I moved my men. He rattled along meaninglessly, as he had before, and as I sat there looking at the checkers, and did not make a move, he said, with some irritableness of manner:

"What's the matter? Why don't you move?"

"Well, as soon as you get through with that little vaudeville performance, I will move," I replied.

At that he quieted down and we were still fighting the game when Stella came in the door, and with a surprised look, said:

"I've been looking all over this town for you. It's time that we were going."

I left with the honors all in my favor, excepting the third game, which he had succeeded in talking me out of. Some of the spectators informed me that they were glad that a stranger could drop into town and show that fellow something.

There is an old saying: "Improvement comes with age," but it is not applicable to the road question, especially in Virginia. We were now passing through the oldest part of the United States, being only a short distance from Jamestown, the first settlement in America. The roads are evidently just about the same, if not a little worse, than they were at that historic date.

When we left Fredericksburg, we crossed the Rappahannock River and started out on the

Washington thoroughfare, which we naturally supposed would be an up-to-date pike. To our surprise, after we had gotten a short distance from town, the road gradually turned into a gulley. I had to lead Dolly down into the deep rut and let the wheels take the sides where it was not washed out.

Every moment it seemed as if the wheels would break or the cart upset. Stella was behind the cart, bracing it with all her might. We got out of one difficulty, only to find ourselves in another. Soon we came to a place where grading had been done recently, and the dirt thrown up had been rained on, and was nothing more nor less than a quagmire. Out in the middle of the mire, something snapped like a pistol shot. It was a tug that had broken square off. We were in a serious predicament out in the wilderness. Not a house was in sight. The last one passed was fully three miles away. I tried to fix the tug, but to no avail. Darkness was coming on and a drizzling rain had set in, making our situation all the worse.

Finally a happy thought came to Stella. She said:

"Why can't we use the lariet rope in place of the tug?"

"Why, that's right, we can," I replied, at once getting the rope out and doubling it. I fastened it to Dolly's collar and then to the singletree.

We tried to get the horse to pull the cart out of the mud, but she made an effort two or three times and then began to shake her head and snort. Then she got one of her balky spells. Darkness had now settled around us. We must do something and that soon. So, taking the shovel from the cart, I went to work to dig the mud away from the wheels. A sudden inspiration must have seized

Dolly, for she gave a terrific plunge and started forward, jerking the cart out of the mire and almost breaking it to pieces. She ran up the hill like mad, we following the best we could, every step jerking our feet out of thick mud.

Extricated from our plight by Dolly, we looked for a place to camp. Finally, coming to a brook at the foot of a hill, Stella said:

"Give me the water pail, I'm going to get a pail of water, and when we reach the top of the hill, we will camp."

But before we reached the top of the hill, we had steadily climbed for over half a mile, and the water was not any too light, nor was my wife's temper in any too peaceable state. However, she is always a good partner, and difficulties have to come thick and fast before she makes any complaint.

By the light of a blazing camp-fire, we cooked and ate our supper, and being worn out by the hard day's travel, we were soon sound asleep.

In the middle of the night we were awakened by the cry:

"Fo' de good Lawd's sake, what's dis heah white thing by de side ob de road?" and a negro's voice again said, with a sound of pain:

"Take dis dog off me! Oh, take dis dog off!"

I sprang up and ran outside of the tent. Don was holding to a negro's leg, and the poor creature, badly frightened, was wildly beating the air with his fists. I called to the dog, and he immediately loosened his hold on the negro. The man fled down the road so rapidly that I had no chance to learn if he were badly wounded. The excitement broke up our sleep for that night. As soon as daylight commenced to dawn, we heard footsteps coming down the road. Footsteps in that lonely, unfre-

quented region were something to excite attention at any time, but now, to our surprise, we beheld the four tramps, one behind the other, marching solemnly and in perfect time along the road toward us.

Despite our dread of them, we had to laugh, and I called out:

"Hello, boys! How are you? Where are you going so early in the morning?"

This broke the ice, and the attitude of the tramps at once assumed an air of sociability. The leader of the four, who was the lame man whom we had met some time before, said:

"We're goin' to Washington to hunt work. Heard about you back in Richmond."

Stella then asked him:

"Where did you stay last night?"

He answered:

"Did you notice that old barn down the road a piece? That's where we slept last night."

"Did you hear anyone last night?" said one of the tramps. He continued: "About four o'clock this morning we heard a negro hollering at the top of his voice, as he passed the barn: 'O, Lawd save me! Save me from de ghosts and de dog.' As far down the road as we could hear him, he was still hollering."

We told them of our experience with the negro, and they all laughed and said:

"Well, so long; I guess we're all going the same direction and will meet again."

Our fear was now banished. We understood that they were harmless and friendly. Little did we know how lucky our meeting with them would prove to be, even before many hours had passed. We had walked only a couple of hours when we came to a little town known as Stafford Court

House. In the center of the village was an old, black looking building—doubtless, the county jail. It was very early in the morning, and we were surprised to see the four tramps in front of a little store, that had not yet opened for business. Three of them were sitting on the porch of the store building, whistling, singing and dangling their feet to the ground, and the fourth one was out in the middle of the street, bantering an old game rooster, making a noise that sounded like "cockel-doodel-doo," and sidling around the rooster, which was spreading its wings to the ground, sticking out its spurs and flopping up against the legs of its tormentor, endeavoring, no doubt, to induce him and his pals to get on out of town. As we got near, I said:

"Hello, boys, what are you doing here! I supposed that you would be miles ahead of us by this time!"

The lame one spoke up:

"We're just waiting for the storekeeper to come down and open up, so we can get something for breakfast."

"Why, that's funny," said I, "I should think by this time you wouldn't need anyone to open the store—as many windows as there are."

"Well, that's right," he said," but you see that black looking cage over there, don't you? It looks like it would be pretty hard to get out of."

Supposing that we would pass through another little village that same day, we did not lay in a supply of provisions, as we should have done. Again we were compelled to travel over bad roads. All day long we struggled with the cart to keep it right side up. Suddenly we found ourselves in a swamp. It was the old Telegraph road. There were wires ahead, but no tracks to follow. Hav-

ing no chance to turn around, we had to go on. We gave Dolly the right of way, and she started through the water. Don was frantically keeping up with her and jumping at her head. We followed as best we could, holding our breaths as one wheel of the cart went up in the air and was suspended there for an instant. Dolly, faithful little animal that she was, pulled steadily on and finally landed the cart outside of the swamp in the road beyond. As for us, we were covered with mud and slime from head to foot.

We had nothing to eat, but rest and dry clothes were more to us than satisfying our hunger. So we camped near a little stream, and made a blazing fire. While drying our clothes, we heard voices across the creek, but did not know that they were directed to us, so did not answer. Soon, we looked up and saw the four tramps coming toward us. "Why, hello!" said one of them, "How did you get through today?"

We told him of our trouble.

"Why didn't you take the other road?" said another one. "A man told us about the swamp, and how to get around it, and we thought you would too."

"Well, all's well that ends well, "I said, "but it's not ended yet. We expected to pass some kind of a store or farm house where we could get provisions, but we could find no one living near the road, and we have kept on. Now it's supper time, and we have nothing to cook."

The lame fellow looked at the rest inquiringly, and then back at us:

"We are as bad off as you are. There wasn't a house along the road that we could hit for a hand out, and all we've got is some coffee," and then he pulled out of his pocket a greasy looking paper

containing some ground coffee. "Here's my coffee pot, too," he said, producing a blackened tin can from the other pocket. "Come on, boys!" he called, and turning to me: "We are going across on the other side of the creek. I think I saw a house over there. If they won't donate anything to the cause, we'll find something." And the four tramps disappeared down the road.

We had almost given up their coming back, and were about to retire with empty stomachs, when we heard them coming. They were laughing and talking.

"Hold that dog, friend," said one of them, "we're loaded down and can't run as fast as that nigger did the other night."

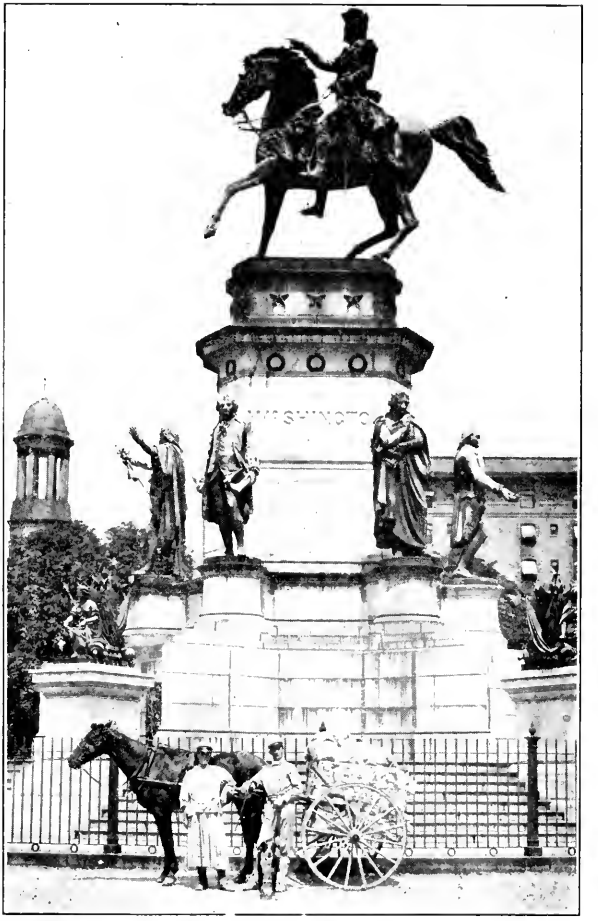
I jumped up and got Don by the collar. He was growling and trying to get away, but upon recognizing the friendly voices of the tramps, he went up to them, wagging his tail and barking for joy, as he seemed to realize that there was something to eat at hand.

The men unloaded. The lame one was carrying a big, fat rooster. Another man had potatoes, turnips and various other things, and a third had bread and milk, which he set carefully on the ground.

"How does this look for a blow-out?" the lame fellow said. "We'll get together now and have a real 'Mulligan stew,' like you've read about."

Stella did not stand back, this time, but hurried around getting ready the vessels in which to cook the stew, and I hastily threw a lot of brush and wood on the fire, which burned up brightly, and made everything as clear as day.

Each one set to work to do his part. The rooster was scalded, picked, and prepared for the stew. Stella got the Dutch oven out of the cart



"Walking Woolfs" caught for a picture in front of Washington's Monument while in Richmond, Va.

and set it over the fire with plenty of water in it; and our old black coffee pot had its place over the blazing coals.

It was nearly midnight when the famous stew was ready to serve. During the whole evening, we were kept laughing at the jokes and anecdotes of the four.

As we encircled the campfire, each with a pan of the savory stew on his lap and a large hunk of bread and cup of coffee in his hands, I could not help but think of the strange meeting with these tramps, and wonder what had been the cause of their following their present lives. I asked the lame one how long he had been on the road. He said:

"I've been a hobo since I was nine years old, and I'm now forty-four."

Thinking that by this time I knew him well enough to ask another question, I said:

"There's an old saying that you must not look a gift horse in the mouth, but I just want to ask you one more question, if you don't mind: Where did you get that old rooster that we have got in the stew?"

At this he burst out into a laugh:

"You saw that old rooster back at Stafford Court House, when I was bantering him, didn't you? Well, that's the boy. After you left us, no one else being around, I just took out this sling shot (producing one from his pocket) and popped him over and then wrapped him up in my coat. I feared that before the day was over we might all get hungry."

This capped the climax. We were in debt to him for supper. I sat there, thinking over the situation, and seeing all these generous, friendly faces before us. Weird as the situation was, Stella

and I turned to each other and remarked: "This is great; a friend in need is a friend, indeed." Why could we not have been as big-hearted and generous as was this poor fellow. Instead, we had shown suspicion and turned him away the night of the storm. We spoke about it, but he said:

"Oh, don't let that bother you. You were just a little afraid of me, and I knew it. That often happens to tramps, but really we are a harmless lot, and pretty good fellows when we have a chance."

It was nearly morning when the odd-looking group dispersed, the tramps going to an old, vacant barn across the creek, which place they had chosen for lodgings, when they happened to hear our voices and came to our assistance.

The next morning we did not get up very early, and our appetites were greatly tempted by the sight of delicious looking red cherries, with which the trees—just inside the fence—along the road were loaded down. Stella wanted me to go up to the house and buy some, but we had gotten such a late start that I felt that we must not lose any more time, not even for cherries. We had gone only a short distance, when we began to see sprigs of the cherry trees strewn all along the road. Just as we came to the top of a hill, we saw our tramp friends a few yards ahead of us. Every one of them was loaded down with cherry branches.

"Here, we have some cherries," said the big Irishman, "We've had more than we can eat," and they loaded us down with the branches filled with cherries. "We saw them, and just took them," said one. "We believe in helping ourselves when we see something good."

We were now close to the parting of the ways. The boys had told us that they were going to enter

Washington that evening, and we intended to wait over, arriving at the city the next day. After a few friendly words and a hand-clasp all around, we bade the four tramps good-bye, as this, no doubt, would be our last meeting. They disappeared down the road, waving their red and blue bandana handkerchiefs. A little homely philosophy may be appropriate in connection with the incident of the tramps. What a pity it is that everybody cannot be as kind and generous as were those four unfortunates.

One night, while we were asleep, we were awakened by something being thrown into the tent, hitting against the cots. Frightened by the noise, and thinking that something must have fallen from the trees, we sat up. Just then a man's voice said:

"Hey, there, come out and have a drink!"

It dawned upon us that the man was drunk and that he might do us some harm, so I put my head out, cautiously, and said:

"What did you say?"

"Come out of there and be friendly and drink with me," he called, with an oath.

By moonlight, I could see that he was on horseback. He was evidently getting home late Saturday night. I told him to wait a minute and I would come out. But I did not drink any of the contents of the bottle which he offered to me. I pretended to, allowing it to run down on the ground. The drunken intruder was satisfied, and soon left us without further molestation.

For many months we had lived in close communion with nature. The trees and sky had been our canopy. The brooks had quenched our thirst, and wild berries and vegetation had been to some extent, our sustenance.

We were now about to cross the boundary line that would separate us from the simple life, into an artificial existence in a great city. As we realized this, our hearts sank. We were like children, emerging into maturity, and soon to leave the faithful mother who had watched over our development, knowing the time was near at hand when her care would be no longer needed.

Crossing the Potomac River, we realized the situation fully, and both felt like shedding tears, for we knew that beyond, on the other bank, lay the strenuous life that we would soon enter, and that it would continue for the greater part of our journey. Beautiful, secluded camping spots would be few and far between. We were leaving the woods and streams of Dixieland behind us. In their place would be advanced civilization with all of its limitations.

When we were in Washington, a gentleman, seeing the rope that we were still using instead of the broken tug, asked me if I would be offended if he made me a present. I told him no, and soon afterward he came up to the cart, holding a pair of new hames and tugs.

"Now," he said, "all I ask of you is to give me the old pieces of your harness for a souvenir."

Out of Washington, we got on the wrong road, and spent the first night in the suburb of Benning. A queer old lady came to see us, telling us that she had noticed our little camp over among the trees; that she had traveled in a wagon, years ago and had enjoyed it so much that she could not resist paying us a visit.

The Baltimore pike seems to be a favorite resort of tramps. We saw them everywhere along the road; lying at full length on the grass under the trees, or going in all directions. A woman with

whom we talked about it told us that when she did her weekly baking, she always baked several extra loaves of bread for the tramps. A jovial farmer pointed out to us a tramp house which he had built for the accommodation of the "Buddies," as he termed them. He said that for many years he had been bothered by tramps wanting to sleep in his barn, that he finally fenced off a little corner of his farm and built a genuine house with every convenience in it for cooking and sleeping. He said that the building was seldom vacant, and rooms had to be engaged in advance; that the tramps were not bad fellows, and that he always got plenty of work out of them and made good friends of them.

"Why, I've seen some of the boys for the last thirty years," he said. "They just start out from New York and walk to Washington, and then start out again from Washington and walk back to New York. I used to beat around the world a good deal myself, before I settled down, and I walked too, but in those days we were called tramps. Now, anyone that walks is a pedestrian," and he laughed heartily at his own wit.

In Baltimore, we were met with extreme cordiality by both the police and the people. As we stopped, several big, fine policemen came to us with a salute, and said:

"Welcome to our city. We've heard all about you, and knew, from the Washington papers, that you were coming."

Poor Don had a very sore foot, caused by Dolly's backing the cart over it and taking off two of his toe nails. A very sympathetic man in the crowd stepped forward when he saw the accident, and handed Stella a bottle and some absorbent cotton, telling her to doctor the poor dog's foot

right away. She washed the foot, bathed it with the medicine and wrapped it in absorbent cotton, and from that time it seemed to us that all Baltimore was asking questions about how Don got his foot hurt, and all the humane officers in town got after us. However, they did not have much of a case, as Don was well taken care of. One little boy insisted on getting him some bones, another got him a drink, and others stood around patting and telling him what a fine dog he was, until it is a wonder that his head was not turned by so much attention and flattery.

One of the novel features of our trip, and one that seemed to attract Baltimore people was the number of business cards and visiting cards tacked to the cart. We found a new one, different from all others, which was put on in Baltimore, evidently by some of the always present and appreciative little newsboys. On a scrap of paper tacked to the cart, these words were scribbled:

"This man and this lady is true

And so is Don, the traveling dog, too."

It touched our hearts, for we knew that it came from the depths of some small boy's innermost feelings.

The first night that we were in Baltimore, a gentleman came up to us on the street and asked what our route would be, and how far we were going. I replied that we were going to Boston. He immediately said:

"You'd better not go there. You will find Boston people cold and unfriendly—not a bit like the people of the South. Why, if you or your parents or some of your people didn't graduate from Harvard, they wouldn't condescend to give you a second glance."

Just then a very pleasant-faced man stepped from the crowd, and said:

"Please pardon me, gentlemen, for intruding, but I am a native of Boston. You just come up to Boston, and you will be treated all right."

Quite a controversy was started in regard to the hospitality of their respective sections of the country, and I left them still talking, but first accepted the proffered card of the latter gentleman, who told me to be sure to call him by telephone when we reached Boston.

From this incident grew a series of meetings with the New Englander, who was a traveling salesman. Our ways seemed to lie along the same route, and we met him in several different cities.

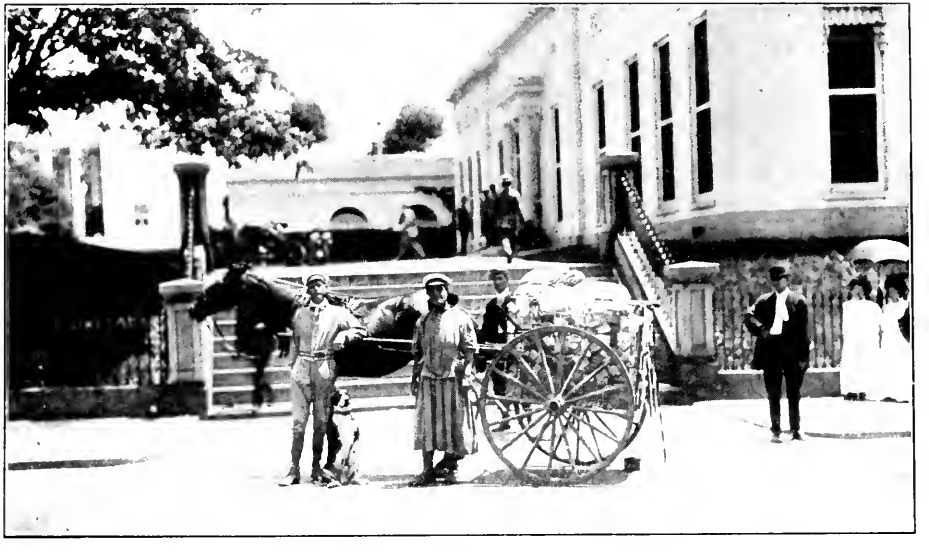
Tramping and Camping
IN THE
North Atlantic States.

BY DWIGHT H. WOOLF.

LEAVING Baltimore, we walked under a railroad bridge over which a train was passing. Dolly became frightened at the noise and jumped toward me. Stella, who was walking by my side, was thrown to the ground and barely escaped being run over by the wheel. As it was, she was covered with black grease from head to foot, and was bruised by the fall.

We crossed the Susquehanna River between Havre de Grace and Perryville. Dolly was almost overcome with heat and we had to stop in the woods and camp for the night. I rubbed her down and blanketed her, but she refused to eat her supper until very late. We made only fifteen miles that day, as it was impossible to walk far in the sun.

In Elkton the inhabitants were afraid to come to their doors. They peeked out at us from behind screens. One lone man ventured up to the cart without a body-guard. He asked a few questions, and then a straggler or two came along. An old, long-whiskered veteran asked me who we were and what we were doing, and each time that I replied, he stroked his scattered beard and said, "Eh-hey."



"Walking Woolfs" arriving at the White House in Washington at the time of President Taft's Silver Wedding.

Just before our departure, a man asked if he might put one of his cards on our cart. I replied:

"Certainly. I should like to have a card of one of the deadest towns that I ever saw."

He seemed to take exception to the remark, and just as he was about to say something, I continued:

"What's become of the horse-shoe pegs that used to be out there in the street?"

At this, he flushed up and said:

"We hain't never had no horse-shoe pegs in the street."

"Well, then, what do you people do for amusement, anyway", I said. "Just sit around and look at one another?"

Then he collected his wits and replied:

"Oh, we just sit around and watch for such as you to come through."

Down in front of the postoffice, a man inquired:

"Do you ever feed the horse?" looking all the time at a large bag of grain strapped on top of the cart. I replied:

"No, mister, we never feed the horse, we just let her run around loose at the mercy of the public."

"Well, what's that you've got up there? if it ain't feed, what is it?" he said.

"Oh, that's just a bag of fertilizer that we picked up down the road, to make us strong." I answered.

He grunted and walked away, and a bystander began to laugh, saying:

"You fellows, can't you see he's just kiddin' ye?"

All through this section of the country the roads are piked and fenced off, which makes it hard to find natural camping spots. Beautiful

places there are, but they are just over the wire fence.

The evening before we arrived at Wilmington, Delaware, we passed an orchard of cherry trees, full of luscious fruit. I went to the house and asked the gentleman who came to the door if he owned the cherries across the road. He replied that he did and told me to help myself. When I asked if he had a place where we could camp for the night, he answered courteously that he had, and showed me a fine, grassy pasture, only a short distance from the residence. There was no stock in the pasture except an old horse, twenty-five years old. The owner said that the horse would not bother us as it was blind in one eye and so stiff that it couldn't run. That night we were awakened by something running at full speed toward the tent, snorting and puffing, and the next thing our tent was torn from top to bottom. The horse had run into the ropes. The next morning we mended the tent as best we could and made it do until we could get another one.

At Wilmington we were the guests of Eastern people who had lived in California for some time. They had absorbed much of the whole-souled Western spirit, and our visit with them was a delightful one.

It was now the very hottest summer weather. We started on our walk very early in the mornings, but by nine thirty o'clock it became so intensely hot that the sun was unbearable. We were forced to rest in the middle of the day and walk from five to ten A. M. and from three to seven P. M. Just before reaching Philadelphia, we experienced the worst heat.

The residents of Philadelphia were rather more conservative than those of the majority of

the cities which we visited, but when they became interested in us, they proved to be very friendly and liberal-minded.

We spent many hours in the renowned old Independence Hall, looking through the rooms and seeing the relics of early days. A photograph of us was taken in front of the building. It showed the horse and cart and a large crowd of spectators.

Camden was the first city in New Jersey that we visited. The state holds the record for mosquitoes, not excepting Southeastern Texas, nor Louisiana. Near New Brunswick we were compelled to pack up our belongings and walk through the night to keep from being devoured by the pests. Dolly and Don were frantic. Dolly rolled and pawed the air so that there was danger of her breaking away.

In the vicinity of Newark, a big New Foundland dog jumped at Don, and the strange dog's master, who was looking on, did nothing to prevent it. I used my stick to drive the Newfoundland away, and his master then sicced him on me. My hands were full, when Stella called out to the man that if he didn't take his dog off she would shoot it. At that the old man called the big animal off at once. Don is very peaceable and never molests another canine, as we have always endeavored to avoid trouble of that kind. We therefore feel perfectly justified in defending Don. Newark is behind the times in some respects. At any rate it has its limitations—and its cranks. We had an altercation with a humane officer before we could persuade him that Dolly was well treated and well fed. The proprietor of the restaurant where we took our meals while in the city was a peculiar character. He was a Dutchman, and in ordinary

conversation was so excitable that he seemed to be angry, but on inquiry we learned that it was only his way of being agreeable.

Just as we were leaving Newark, a man who was driving a pie wagon hailed us. We stopped, and he came running toward us with a huge blackberry pie in his hand, saying:

"I have heard a great deal about you, and the long trip you are taking, and I want to give you this pie in token of my appreciation of your nerve and pluck. It takes westerners to do such things. Just fancy Eastern women taking off their high heels and false hair, and putting on such clothes as your wife wears, and doing a stunt like this. Well, they just couldn't if they wanted to; they've been brought up too much in doors."

Our treatment by the members of the Elks' Club in Newark and elsewhere was all that could be desired. We carried the cards advertising the yearly reunion of the Elks until the sun and the rain, beating upon the cart, obliterated the printing.

On July 19th, 1911, not quite a year from the date upon which we ended our two thousand mile walk from Kansas City to New York, we again entered the Metropolis, crossing the Hudson river at the twenty-third Street ferry from Jersey City. After a visit with the New York World, we walked across the Brooklyn Bridge and obtained accommodations where we had stayed during our previous visit to the city.

At the livery barn where Dolly and Don had been kept for a month on the former trip, Dolly turned and made her way to the incline which led to the stalls above. Don capered about and barked, smelling everything, and showing very plainly that he remembered the place. The dog

refused to go to our room with us. He went back to the barn and could not be persuaded to leave the cart.

We remained in New York only a few days, as we were anxious to see new territory. Leaving Brooklyn, we walked out Atlantic Avenue, passing through that portion of the city in which there is a large foreign population. There were thousands of poor, dirty children, whose only playground were the streets. The little ones appeared underfed, and were badly clothed, and through their filth hardly looked human. It was impossible to get a good picture of the mob that followed us, for the strange people did not keep quiet long enough to be photographed.

Our tent was pitched in the evening at Richmond Hill, a suburb. Visitors swarmed around us until a late hour, and we finally had to excuse ourselves and bid them goodnight.

The next morning, I arose early and was outside the tent preparing breakfast, when a young woman caller arrived. She approached me, saying:

"Oh, I would like to make just such a trip! I would like to travel with you."

I informed her that I had a wife inside the tent; that she was a great big woman. At that the young lady said:

"Oh! have you? I guess I'd better go now."

At Freeport, Long Island, I delivered a lecture in the Airdome Theatre, having Dolly and Don with the cart on exhibition there.

The following night our camp was pitched close to Oyster Bay. Our object in going by way of Oyster Bay was to see Colonel Roosevelt, as we had made an appointment with him through his secretary in New York.

At Sagamore Hill, the former president greeted us with hearty handshakes and a smile. He seemed to be greatly interested in our undertaking, and highly complimented Stella for what she had done. He wanted to know what all the cards were for on the cart, and asked a number of other questions.

Inquiring about our parentage, and being informed that we were of English and German stock, he said:

"That's good stock, both of them; that's what it takes to make success in life."

As we passed Centreport, Long Island, two gentlemen hailed us from the door of a country hotel, inviting us to stop and have refreshments. We became acquainted with some of the finest people whom it has ever been our good fortune to meet, and were entertained with music by an excellent orchestra that played both classical and popular selections, and by a lady comedian of well known theatrical fame. It was a gala night—one long to be remembered.

At Northport and other places our reception was all that could be desired. Reaching Port Jefferson at nine o'clock, we put up for the night, and crossed Long Island Sound to Bridgeport, Connecticut, the next morning. On Long Island we saw the most magnificent homes that we have ever seen anywhere. It seemed that every house was a mansion. Many of them belonged to millionaires. The grounds and buildings where aeroplanes are constructed were of great interest.

The trip across Long Island Sound was a most delightful one. It was a clear day and we could see in the distance the shore of Connecticut from the time that the boat left Port Jefferson.

In Bridgeport we were subjected to several impertinent remarks, but managed to keep even

with those who challenged us. The Superintendent of Police gave us a personal letter to the Chief of Police of Kansas City.

All the way to New Haven, we walked close to the shore of Long Island Sound. There were many summer resorts along the route, a number of which we visited.

Connecticut is a "blue law" state, and we soon discovered that some of its cities are still managed —or governed— according to ideas that were supposed to be right hundreds of years ago. New Haven was friendly, but Hartford and Meriden were controlled by officials who were narrow-minded and prejudiced against anything like an innovation. The Mayor of Hartford was the kind of a man who looked at everything from his own restricted point of view, and his views evidently dated back to the times when the blue laws were framed. One could not help thinking what a conspicuous figure he would have made in the days of witchcraft, when superstition ran riot and public officials openly employed their power to further their own selfish ends, using the ignorance of the people as a cloak to cover their misdeeds; when every stranger was regarded with suspicion; but now when the masses of the people have reached a high degree of intelligence—even in the blue law states— such narrowness as that exhibited by the Mayor of Hartford and his subordinates is commented on and rebuked by the press.

After we left the city, the Hartford Daily Courant—August 15, 1911—published the following, under the heading: "HAVE WALKED 6,000 MILES TO FIND IT OUT. COULDN'T GET PERMIT TO SELL POST CARDS ON MAIN STREET. CITY BLACKLISTED IN "TRAMPING AND CAMPING."

D. H. Woolf and his wife have not as high an

opinion of Hartford as they had when they got into town Sunday. They are taking a little walk from Kansas City to Boston, a matter of more than 6,000 miles by the route they are going. They are walking for their health, and making their living on the way by selling postal cards, bearing pictures of themselves and their camping outfit. They wanted to get a permit to sell these cards on the street from a little wagon which carries their baggage. Chief of Police William F. Gunn would not give the permit for any place except Windsor and Village streets. They did not find the class of people there they cared to cater to, and asked for permission to sell the cards on Main Street, and were turned down. They appealed, or rather Mr. Woolf did, to Mayor Edward L. Smith, and he declined to over-rule Chief Gunn, consequently, Mr. Woolf said they would say goodbye to Hartford.

Mr. Woolf, a clean-cut, plain-spoken young man, had a long talk with the mayor in an effort to make his share of traveling expenses in Hartford. He is a musician, and was an orchestra leader in his home city, Kansas City, until his health failed, and he became a nervous wreck. The doctor told him that the only cure was open air, and lots of it. That, at first, did not seem an easy prescription to fill, until Mrs. Woolf suggested walking, and they have been walking ever since, a matter of two years. Mr. Woolf is regaining his health and expects when his walking is done, to be in better physical condition than he ever was before. * * * * * * * Eventually they (Mr. and Mrs. Woolf) will write a book entitled 'Tramping and Camping.' In this book they will describe the country as they found it. * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The outfit consists of Dolly, the horse, and Don, their dog. The Woolfs carry their tents and cooking utensils with them, and always sleep in the

"Walking Woolfs" arriving in Philadelphia in front of Old Independence Hall, where street car traffic was stopped long enough for a picture.

open, seldom stopping at hotels. They are dressed in khaki, and their clothes are made for walking. Last summer they walked from Kansas City to the Atlantic Coast, and returned by train. They started their 8,000 mile jaunt on October 15th, last year, and went through the states of Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York, stopping at Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, long enough to get an opportunity to shake hands with Colonel Roosevelt. * * * * * "

We now began to see a great many foreigners. The population of some towns was composed almost entirely of foreigners. They are brought to America to do factory work in the East, as their labor is cheap.

It seemed to us that the states of Connecticut and Massachusetts would better revise their blue laws and give their own countrymen a chance to earn an honest living, and ship these aliens back to their own countries, or hustle them out of the cities and put them on some of the vacant land scattered around over the United States. Then there might be an opportunity to make American citizens of them. As long as they are huddled together, eight or ten in one squalid room, living like dogs, there is little hope of their becoming civilized. In the East, foreigners are doing the work and native born citizens are becoming street loafers.

But there is one thing that we must give the blue law states credit for, and that is good roads. The roads could not be excelled in any locality, as they are like boulevards.

Springfield proved to be very unlike Hartford and Meriden, and our stay was an exceedingly pleasant one. Just out of Springfield, we met a man on a motor cycle, who had made a cross country

ride from San Francisco to New York. It seems that he had taken the trip several times by different routes. He showed the effects of out door life, as he had a very ruddy complexion and a stalwart form.

Near Sudbury, Massachusetts, we visited the old Wayside Inn, made famous by Longfellow's poem. For a great many years the building was unoccupied and the grounds were grown up with weeds. Finally someone conceived the idea of purchasing the place and restoring it to its former condition. The main part of the building remains the same as in the days of Longfellow, except that it has been painted and repaired. An addition was built for the accommodation of guests. We were shown through the old house and everything of interest was pointed out to us and explained. The old bar-room, in the front of the house, is long and narrow with a low ceiling. The kitchen and big fireplace are just the same as in the early days. On the wall is a pine board, into which the cork puller was screwed, and the board showed the frequent usage, as it was perforated with numerous holes. Everything in the house is of the antique style. The large, old-fashioned four pillared bedsteads nearly fill the little bedrooms. We were shown the room where Longfellow used to sleep, and also the apartment occupied by La Fayette, and the little alcove adjoining, which was the place allotted to his valet.

The grounds are kept in nice condition, and the Inn is well patronized by a wealthy class of people from Boston and the surrounding cities.

Probably if Longfellow could return he would hardly recognize some parts of the building with its modern improvements. Where the stables used to be, there is now a fine garage. Over the door of the inn, there is an old red sign with a horse

painted on it, and the words: "The Red Horse Tavern."

On the pike, just before we arrived in Boston, a leading merchant of that city interviewed us. Later, we saw him again, at Syracuse, New York, where he had just come down from a trip in a flying machine. He said that he was seventy years of age, but it seemed to us that he was far more progressive than many younger persons.

On August 23rd, we reached Boston. The Boston Globe described the first occurrence after our arrival as follows:

"They (referring to us) are full of reminiscences of their trip, but probably no more humorous incident happened during all their journey than right here in Boston, after they had been in the city less than thirty minutes. After visiting the Globe and being requested to prevent the congestion of travel as much as possible, Mr. and Mrs. Woolf and their outfit proceeded to Broad Street, where Mr. Woolf made a call.

While in the Broad Street building they looked out of the window and saw a stranger sitting upon the box and driving Dolly away. It was one of the few times a human being had sat upon the vehicle and Dolly did not know just what to make of it. The stranger proved to be a thoroughly happy 'souse' who conceived the idea of doing some tramping and hiking on his own hook.

But he only got a little way, for when Mr. and Mrs. Woolf rushed from the building they found that a policeman of Division Two had already intercepted the cart and the driver. The latter was walked to a stable on Custom House Street where the patrol wagon of Division Two is housed, and without more ado, the inebriated person was taken to the Court Square police station."

Boston was our Eastern destination, and the

turning point for home. We had intended to spend some time in the city, but a rain set in and most of the three days we were there was spent in doors. However, we managed to see several points of interest, among them Faneuil Hall and the Old State House. Many of the students at Harvard College congratulated us on the success of our long trip. Along the roadsides, all over Massachusetts, were places marked by inscriptions, giving dates and incidents of Revolutionary days.

The roads were rough going from Boston to Lowell, Athol, Fitchburg and Greenfield. Then we entered the Berkshire Hills. The Hoosac Mountain was a very high hill, through which the railroad tunnels, but the wagon road goes over the top of it. Getting up this long, steep hill was hard for Dolly. We had to stop every few feet and put a stone under the wheel to keep the cart from slipping back, while Dolly was resting. It required a whole day to climb the mountain. When we reached the summit, we took a picture of the scenery, which was fine. There were hills in every direction, and the river looked like a ribbon of silver.

We pitched our tent upon the top of the mountain, and the heavy dew and the cold air made us think of winter days, although it was only the latter part of August.

The next morning we walked down the mountain side and entered the manufacturing town of North Adams, Massachusetts. In this state we noticed that the houses, barns and all out-buildings are usually placed in a long row. Probably they are connected by inside doors. It must be that the winters are very cold, and farmers are thus saved from exposure during storms, when they do their chores and feed stock. There is a great contrast between the barns of the North and those of the far South. In the South we saw nothing except

"Walking Woolfs" entering Kansas City, where they were met by newspaper reporters and mounted police escorts, who accompanied them to the City Hall, where they finished their 8,000 mile walk, the longest on record for any couple.

tumble-down sheds with poles over the tops and roofs made of straw.

The day that we left North Adams, we were in three states, Massachusetts, Vermont and New York. Our luncheon was eaten directly on the state line between Vermont and New York.

A man to whom we spoke of having been in three states that day said:

"That's nothing! a walker went through here a few days ago and beat you one state."

"What state was that?" I asked.

He replied:

"The state of intoxication."

On the main automobile road of New York we passed through Troy, Albany, Schenectady, Amsterdam, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, and along Lake Erie through Fredonia and Westfield.

One night, while camping near Utica, we were awakened by a ray of light from a lantern, and a voice that said:

"Say, in there, come out! I want to talk to you about raising the Maine. I've got a scheme to raise the Maine, and it won't cost the government hardly anything, but I can't get them to give me the job."

Not knowing what to think of being accosted in that manner, especially at such an hour of the night, we arose and talked to the old man, whom we found to be a harmless creature, just a little bit off on the subject of raising the Maine. He said that he lived up the road a short distance, at a planing mill, and he hoped that we wouldn't get up in the night and carry it away. We assured him that we didn't need a planing mill, and that some time he would be able to convince the government that he was the proper man to raise the Maine, and finally, he took his departure.

In Rochester, the famous pedestrian, Mr. Weston, was introduced to us. It was his cross country walk in 1909, that gave us the idea of going on foot to the Ozark Mountains. Many people, all over the United States, owe their restored health to the example set by Mr. Weston.

On our former trip through Rochester, a young man accompanied us out of the city and walked the rest of the day. He camped and ate supper with us and then walked back to the city. We again had the pleasure of his company. This time he went twenty-five miles with us, and he seemed to enjoy the hike, telling us, upon leaving, that he was none the worse for the unwonted exercise.

From Buffalo, the Lake Shore Road is lined for many miles with beautiful country homes. The immense expanse of blue water was indeed a grand sight, but the cold wind blowing from it was not very comfortable unless we kept up a brisk pace.

We were now in the grape growing regions, and a lady whom we had seen before on our first journey to the East loaded us down with the luscious fruit.

At Erie I asked a lady for permission to camp upon her property. She replied:

"Certainly, Mr. Woolf. Just go over there in the orchard and camp where you did before."

At this, I gave her another look, and saw to my surprise that she was the lady with whom we had camped before. She had recognized us immediately.

We felt that each day must be made to count on the homeward journey, but it rained constantly for a week and there were many delays. The route took us through Ohio—the cities of Ashtabula and Cleveland, thence south to Columbus and Dayton.

In Ohio we overtook a family that was walking from New York to Texas, to take up government land. The father was in ill health, and the plucky little wife and five children were faithful companions on the long and tedious journey. They had started with a push cart, the father pushing the youngest three children in the cart, which also contained the tent and camping outfit. After a few miles, the father could stand the strain no longer, and was almost in a nervous collapse, so they decided to get a horse and wagon and let the little ones ride. It had required a great amount of energy for these people from the congested city of New York to make such an effort to restore their wasted health by out of door living.

In Springfield we met another pedestrian—a young Yankee walking from Maine to California. He was a genial, jolly fellow, and we spent many a day laughing and joking. Our paths separated at Terre Haute, Indiana, but one day after we had reached home, what was our surprise when the young man knocked at our door. We had a pleasant visit with him.

Don got lost in Indianapolis. We went into a restaurant, and he had not seen us enter the building. Stella and I hunted all of the morning for the dog. We also notified the police and requested that messenger boys be instructed to keep on the lookout.

We had become discouraged, when Stella happened to go over to a large monument called "The Circle." All at once something bumped against her almost taking her off her feet. It was Don, who was so over-joyed at finding her that he was nearly crazy.

Just before we got to East St. Louis, we came to a German tavern, where we decided to take dinner. The hostess informed us that she would serve

us something, but she had not much left, as dinner was over. Her price for the meal was twenty-five cents.

Of course, we did not expect much, and when she entered the dining-room with a large bowl of delicious vegetable soup; then followed with three big platters of different kinds of meats; with sweet and Irish potatoes, pickles, preserves, cake, pie, and last of all, but not by any means least, a big pot of coffee, we could not conceal our surprise. She retired to the kitchen, leaving us to help ourselves. Stella looked pleased and happy as she surveyed the table. It is needless to say that we did justice to the meal, as there is nothing like walking to give one a good appetite.

Stopping only a day in St. Louis, we resumed our way across the state of Missouri. At St. Charles a storm overtook us. The weather turned cold suddenly, and the next day we faced a bitter wind with snow and sleet under our feet. The entire trip through Missouri was attended by rain and bad weather. We put on our rubber coats, and just plodded along.

On November 30th, Thanksgiving Day, we entered our home town and were met at the city limits by an escort of mounted police and newspaper reporters. We delivered a letter from Mr. Eugene Birmingham, Chief of Police at Bridgeport, Connecticut, to Chief Griffin, at the City Hall, Kansas City, and were complimented on the successful termination of our long journey around half of the United States.

When this official duty was over, we were photographed many times by various local newspaper photographers, then, walking across the Inter-city Viaduct, reached our home at 1:30 P. M. where our parents welcomed us with a fine turkey dinner to which we did full justice.